Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Gay Comix #13

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Stories:

a2 - Juliette Does Toillette
a3 - Our Love Was Too Cosmic
a13 - Blue Moon
a14 - Dyke Sex Rap
a15 - Future Shock, Part 2
b2 - Gossip
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b7 - Doordyke
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b12 - Stonewall Riots
b14 - Tea and Sympathy
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b25 - Fish Fantasy
b26 - Mission Accomplished
b27 - Garden Nymph

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Angela Bocage - b26, b27

Comments:

Back-to-back "69" issue.

Mature Readers

GAY Comix no. 13

$2.50

Torrid Tales of Politically Incorrect Love!

Juliette DOES Toilette,

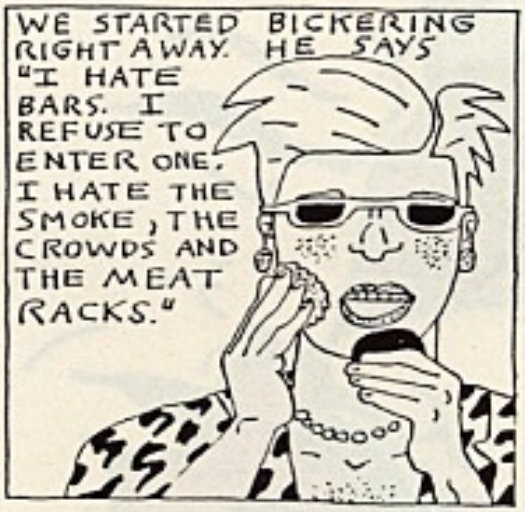
wears DRESSES and CONFESSES

by SKYE ©1988

MY CURRENT BOYFRIEND, NESTOR, AND I ARE TOTAL OPPOSITES. I MEAN—TOTAL. ACTUALLY, WE ARE ALL BUT INCOMPATIBLE. HE'S NOTHING LIKE THE SCREAMING BANSHEES I USUALLY HANG OUT WITH.

WE MET IN THE WEIRDEST PLACE—THE LIBRARY. I WALKED IN THERE BY ACCIDENT. I MEAN, I FEEL ABOUT AS COMFORTABLE IN A LIBRARY AS TAMMY FAYE BAKKER DOES WITH A WASHCLOTH.

I MEAN, THIS GUY IS LIKE INTELLIGENT, SMART AND REALLY SENSITIVE, TOO. I'M NOTHING LIKE THAT. THIS GUY IS SO SENSITIVE, THAT WHEN HE GOES SHOPPING AT THE GROCERY STORE, HE BOYCOTTS BATTERED FISH.



HE SAYS, "IN FACT, I'M JUST KIDDING. I'M REALLY A CORPORATE TAX ACCOUNTANT, I'M FILTHY RICH, AND I THINK YOU'RE REALLY FUN TO IRRITATE."

IT WAS HIM... ME... THE UNIVERSE - I COULDN'T FIGHT IT...

OUR LOVE WAS TOO COSMIC

DRAWN BY
-Vaughn '88
WRITTEN BY
M.J. GOLDBERG
WITH THANKS TO RINALDO

IT WAS ANOTHER DREARY DAY. EVEN MY SPIRIT GUIDES WERENT SPEAKING TO ME...

BURNOUT...

THAT EVENING UPON ARRIVING HOME-

GLOW IN THE DARK JESUS?

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD? NA!

NOT ANOTHER TEA DANCE?

DING DONG

IT WAS MY FRIEND FRED.

PACK YOUR BAGS, HONEY! WE'RE HEADED FOR A **FAIRIE GATHERING!**

FAIRIES!?! I THOUGHT THAT WENT OUT IN THE 50'S

NOT THOSE KIND, SILLY- **GAY FAIRIES!**

WHAT!?!

LOOK FRED, HAVE YOU BEEN STARING INTO CRYSTALS TOO LONG?

NO! AND MY **FAIRIE NAME** IS- **FLASHING MOON!** LISTEN, YOU'LL LOVE IT! IMAGINE- HUNDREDS OF **MEN** RUNNING **NAKED** THROUGH THE WOODS... MAKING LOVE... CHANNELING ENERGY ...HEALING THE EARTH!

BUT I THOUGHT ALL THAT WENT OUT IN THE 60'S

I WAS SKEPTICAL...

BUT THE NEXT MORNING WE WERE ON OUR WAY...

WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO? THIS **THING** COULD EASILY DEGENERATE INTO THE TYPE OF SILLINESS I DESPISE! HMMMmm I WONDER IF THERE'LL BE ANY **CUTE GUYS** THERE?

BABBLE BABBLE

THE SCENE THAT MET MY EYES WAS STRANGER THAN ANY MEDITATION TRIP I'D EVER BEEN ON...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
UHH! IT'S...IT'S... DIFFERENT!
MY MIND WAS REELING...
WHOOSE TENT IS THAT?
WHY IT'S ULTIMA III'S TENT!
WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM. HES GORGEOUS!
I QUICKLY REGAINED MY COMPOSURE AS WE HEADED TO PITCH OUR TENTS.
3

WHILE UNPACKING, I PONDERED MANY THINGS...
ULTIMA III! WHAT A STRANGE NAME!
I WONDER WHAT SIGN HE IS...
I HOPE I BROUGHT MY COPY OF "STUCK ON A BRANCH!"
THEN I BRAVED THE DINNER CIRCLE!
GENTLE BLEACH JOB, YOU LOOK 50-50 BLOND!
I'VE GOT A BATTERY POWERED JUICER IN MY TENT!
THANK YOU, RITA BURRITA
-AND THEN OUR LIPS WERE CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF THE COSMIC LIPSTICK!!
TELL US MORE!
FA-A-A-BULOUS!
300 LBS GRANOLA
AS I REACHED FOR THE LAST BANANA, ANOTHER HAND WAS REACHING TOO - OUR PALMS TOUCHED!
OH - EXCUSE ME!

THAT'S COOL. THIS BANANA'S KARMA WAS TO BE EATEN BY YOU- TAKE IT! MY FAIRIE NAME'S ULTIMA III WHAT'S YOURS?
OH MY GOD * HE IS GORGEOUS!
INSPIRED BY AN EARLIER CRYSTAL WORKSHOP, I REACHED FOR A NAME TO REFLECT MY SOUL.
UHM, PEBBLES.. PEBBLES FLINTSTONE!
AS WE MADE SMALL TALK, THE AIR BECAME CHARGED WITH POSITIVE ENERGY
I'LL BE AT THE COSMED-ITATION LATER
MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU?
* POLITICALLY INCORRECT
THE INVITATION TOOK ME BY SURPRISE, BUT WHEN HE PULLED ME CLOSE TO HIM -
UH- SURE
I THOUGHT I'D BLOWN MY KUNDALINI!
5

I FELT HIS EYES UNDRESSING MY ASTRAL BODY.
2 LATER, I JOINED THE COSMED-ITATION AND ENDED UP SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO HIM...
3 I DRIFTED INTO A DREAM STATE WHERE ULTIMA III AND I MERGED WITH THE ONE..
4 SUDDENLY AN ARM AROUND MY SHOULDER JOLTED ME BACK INTO REALITY.
COME HERE..
ULTIMA! I'M READY FOR THAT MASSAGE YOU PROMISED ME..!!
5 MY MOMENT OF BLISS WAS CUT SHORT BY MADONIS, THE QUEEN BEE OF THE 24 HOUR DISH SUPPORT CIRCLE...

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME TOMORROW NIGHT FOR THE BIG RITUAL?
=SIGH= anything...
THE 2-FACED CHEEKS OF THE MOON RITUAL! THE SENIOR PROM OF THE WHOLE GATHERING! I WAS IN ECSTASY! BUT HOW COULD I KNOW THE NEGATIVE IONS WE CREATED WOULD BE A PRELUDE OF THINGS TO COME!?
MY PENIS MYSELF WORKSHOP
THE NEXT 24 HOURS WERE BLISS. WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER IT WAS HEAVEN ON EARTH!
AND WHEN WE WERE APART, I COULDN'T SHAKE HIS IMAGE...
DORITA OOP
BAD Poodle
WAS IT TWO DAYS WITHOUT MEAT AND SUGAR, OR WAS IT LOVE?
7

THE NEXT EVENING, ALONG WITH FLASHING MOON, GOSSIP FLOWER, AND PATSY PITTBULL, I HEADED TOWARDS THE BIG RITUAL. MY HAIR WAS SPARKLING WITH GLITTER, AND MY HEART WAS THROBBING WITH ANTICIPATION.

IT WAS DARK OUT, AND IN MY GOOFY ECSTASY I DIDN'T SEE THEM UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...

MADONIS AND ULTIMA WERE MERGED IN A WAY I HAD ONLY DREAMED OF!

SUDDENLY THE GATES OF ETERNAL ENLIGHTENMENT WERE SLAMMED IN MY FACE!

I RAN TO MY TENT SOBBING. AS THE RITUAL HEATED UP I COULD HEAR THEM HOWLING AT THE MOON TOGETHER.

OH, HOW CAN I BEAR THE SOUND OF THEIR **OHMS**?

ORCA DADDY ACTION TOTE

IF THIS IS PAST LIFE REGRESSION-

I WANT **NO MORE!**

THE 5 a.m. AURA CLEANSING THE NEXT MORNING WAS A FAILURE. I TRIED TO FORGET ULTIMA ONLY MY LOWER CHAKRAS WOULDN'T LET ME.

AROUND MID-MORNING I GOT TO THE DRAG TENT TO RETURN SOME THINGS. THERE WAS MADONIS LOOKING SMUG AND SATISFIED. I BLURTED OUT IN MY ANGER:

YOU LITTLE DOUBLE CROSSER! IT WAS ULTIMA'S **KARMA** TO BE WITH **ME** LAST NIGHT!

I WAS NOT READY FOR THE ATTACK FROM THE QUEEN BITCH-ER-BEE!

LOOK **MISS NOVICE**, YOUR **NOT SPIRITUAL ENOUGH YET**! ULTIMA NEEDS SOMEONE WELL ROUNDED, AND WELL GROUNDED - **THAT'S ME!**

SO LISTEN, "PEBBLES", KEEP YOUR TOFU HOOKS OFF HIM! HE'S MY GUY!

ALL EYES WERE UPON US - I DIDN'T NOTICE ULTIMA WAS WATCHING!

YOU MIGHT HAVE HIM ON THE **PHYSICAL PLANE**, BUT ON THE **ASTRAL PLANE** HE'S **ALL MINE!!**

I FLED AND RAN TILL I FLUNG MYSELF DOWN ON A GRASSY KNOLL. WHAT CRUEL DEED HAD I DONE IN A PREVIOUS LIFE TO DESERVE THIS!

PEBBLES, I KNOW YOUR IN PAIN- LET ME EXPLAIN, MADONIS AND I JUST CONNECTED ON THE LOWER PLANE - EVERYONE KNOWS THAT'S **ALL** HE'S **GOOD** FOR!

THE VIBRATIONS BETWEEN **US** ARE MUCH DEEPER - AND WHEN I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID TO MADONIS I REALIZED-

I'M YOURS ON A **HIGHER** PLANE. EVEN IF WE NEVER TOUCH AGAIN WE'LL **ALWAYS** BE, TOGETHER!

WE WALKED AWAY, BUT I FELT NO PAIN. THE GATES HAD BEEN RE-OPENED. I HAD FOUND THAT COSMIC LOVE I'D ALWAYS CRAVED!

STILL, SOMEHOW, I ALWAYS WONDER IF WE'LL EVER MEET AGAIN.

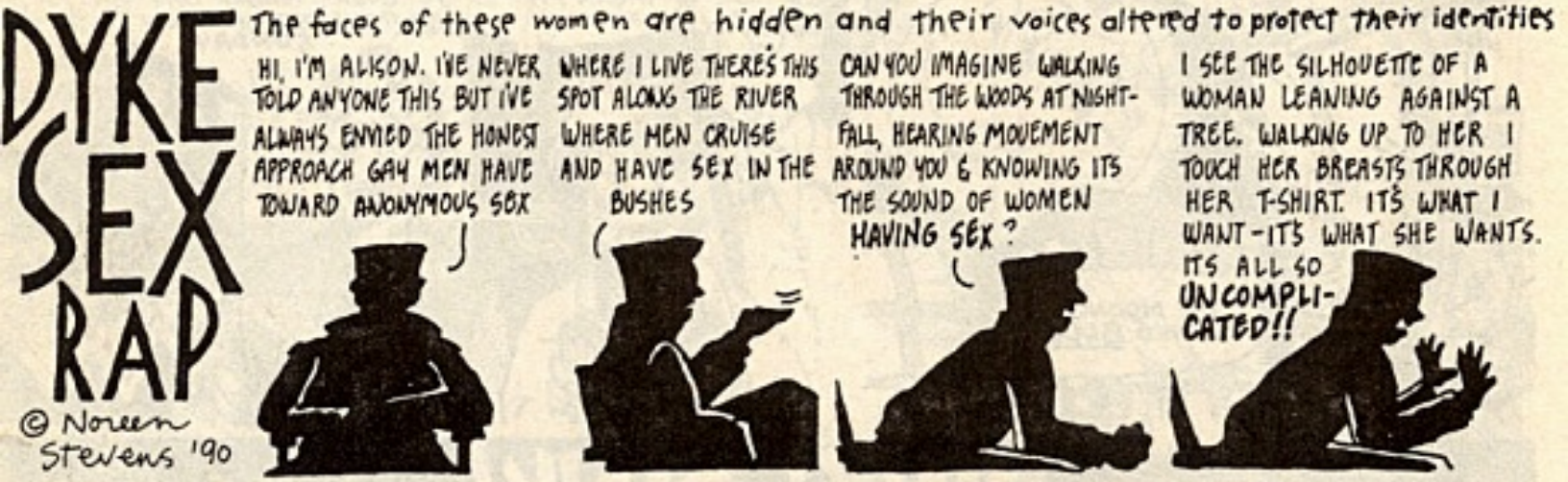
HEY! LOOK EVERYBODY!
MICK
DUANE
THE MOON'S TURNED BLUE!
TAKEN YET
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ABOUT THIS IN MY FILOFAX!
BELINDA
NOR MINE, AND HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS? EVERY SINGLE DAY THIS MONTH IS A SUNDAY!
I HAD WONDERED WHY THERE ARE SO MANY EPISODES OF 'SONGS OF PRAISE' ON!
AND 'LOST IN SPACE!'
OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK!
EEEK! WHAT'S THAT!?
FLYING PIGGIES!
HEY! I'VE SUDDENLY REALISED WHAT MIGHT BE GOING ON HERE!
OOOOH WHAT?
JUST YOU FOLLOW ME!
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? THIS GROC'S HOUSE! WHY DO WE NEED A LADDER?
18A
SHUSH!
SEE? IT'S JUST AS I EXPECTED! GROC HAS GOT OFF WITH SOMEONE!
THE FLYING PIGGIES I CAN BELIEVE BUT NOT THIS!
ZZZZZZ
OH NO! DAMMIT DAMMIT DAMMIT! IT WAS ALL A DREAM!
EMPTY CHOCOLATE-CHIP COOKIE WRAPPERS
COOKIES
© GROC '88

DYKE SEX RAP

© Noreen Stevens '90

THE CHOSEN FAMILY

The faces of these women are hidden and their voices altered to protect their identities


HI, I'M ALISON. I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE THIS BUT I'VE ALWAYS ENVIED THE HONEST APPROACH GAY MEN HAVE TOWARD ANONYMOUS SEX
WHERE I LIVE THERE'S THIS SPOT ALONG THE RIVER WHERE MEN CRUISE AND HAVE SEX IN THE BUSHES
CAN YOU IMAGINE WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS AT NIGHT-FALL, HEARING MOVEMENT AROUND YOU & KNOWING ITS THE SOUND OF WOMEN HAVING SEX?
I SEE THE SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN LEANING AGAINST A TREE. WALKING UP TO HER I TOUCH HER BREASTS THROUGH HER T-SHIRT. IT'S WHAT I WANT - IT'S WHAT SHE WANTS. IT'S ALL SO UNCOMPLI-CATED!!

MY NAME IS JANINE. I FIRST MET MY GIRLFRIEND BECAUSE SHE DID FOOT PATROL- SHE'S A POLICE OFFICER - THROUGH THE PARK WHERE I ALWAYS EAT MY LUNCH. I'D FORGET HOW TO CHEW WHEN SHE WALKED BY, SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL...
I CAME HOME ONE NIGHT A FEW MONTHS AGO AND THERE SHE WAS IN FULL UNIFORM. SHE STARTED TO KISS ME AND TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES WITHOUT A WORD THE WHOLE TIME... IT WAS THE BEST SEX EVER!
IT WASN'T THE AUTHORITY FIGURE THAT TURNED ME ON... WHAT I LIKED WAS MAKING LOVE TO HER DRESSED THE WAY SHE WAS WHEN I FIRST MET HER...
OR MAYBE IT WAS THE AUTHORITY THING TOO... MAYBE THAT'S WHAT ATTRACTED ME IN THE FIRST PLACE?! WHO KNOWS?

MY NAME IS MARION. THE ONE THING I REALLY MISS ABOUT SEX WITH MY HUSBAND...
IS THE WAY IT FELT WHEN HE WAS INSIDE ME. I WISH MY LOVER WAS MORE INTO THAT- EVEN USING HER FIN-GERS...
I SUGGESTED WE TRY A CUCUMBER ONCE BUT SHE LAUGHED IN MY FACE - SAID SHE ISN'T INTO VEGETABLES...
SHE'D DIE IF SHE HEARD ME SAY THIS BUT ONCE, JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO BE FUCKED LIKE THAT BY HER... NAILED TO THE MATTRESS, Y'KNOW JUST...

HI, SORRY I'M LATE... HEY, WHY ARE THE LIGHTS OFF? ... IS IT MY TURN? OKAY, MY NAME'S MICHELE. MY GIRL-FRIEND AND I LIKE TO GO TO THE BEACH AND MAKE LOVE. IT'S NOT LIKE WE DO IT IN FRONT OF PEOPLE OR ANYTHING...
BUT THEY'RE AROUND. PART OF THE GAME IS TRYING TO GET CAUGHT... SOMETIMES WE DO, TOO. WE'RE A BIT NOISY, WHICH HELPS...
AND YOU SHOULD SEE THE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES— ESPECIALLY WHEN WE DON'T EVEN STOP WHAT WE'RE DOING. WE REALLY GET OFF ON THAT...
WHAT ARE Y'ALL LOOKING AT? WHAT ROOM IS THIS? DID I ACCIDENTALLY WALK INTO THE A.A. MEETING?
©Noreen Stevens '90

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FUTURE SHOCK PART 2

THE STORY SO FAR- Reba and Taneer live and Love Illegally in Godstate, sometime in our future (but hopefully NOT!) Reba is a SlaughtaThon superstar. Taneer has just been put on the "BLIT" for Mouthing off against Godstate. Reba to the rescue...

Hey... but that...?

TANEER! GASP!

LOOK! IT'S...

YUP!

REBA! I'm on the BLITLIST... IF I move in either direction, I'll get zapped!

Six credits says the little half-breed gets zapped by the BlitBox on THIS corner!

And I say the OTHER one...

Here... get behind me... I'M not programmed...

Not YET..

HEY... that's REBA... What's she DOING?

I was AFRAID of this...

Reba... how'd you know to come looking for me?

I dunno... I just had this... uh... FEELING something was wrong...

THAT'S odd...

And now that they've scanned me HELPING you, I'LL be on the Blit... THIS way...

Yeah...

REBA... how do YOU know about all these routes...?

Back when I was in training, I used to get... uh... Blueflash and Hypers from a guy down here who...

HYPERS...? Reba... You're not STILL on...

HURRY...

Where ARE we...?

The UnderGround- hundreds of years ago, people used to live down here before City 12 was built over it!

REBA... is she... DEAD...?

Keep going...

IntelliCent tried to install BlitBoxes down here... but they were all raided for parts LONG ago... an' now even the SecuriForce is afraid to come down here...

That's comforting to know...

People... LIVED down here? Are these dwelling units?
I don't know... this dates back to the Dark Age.. LONG before GodState... before recorded history..
NICE NAILS
VALLEY DONUT
EL POLLO MUERTO
VIDEO WO
MINI MALL
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SLICKS! And turn over your weapons..
Yeah.. SURE!
We.. we haven't GOT any...
PLEASE don't kill us- We HAD to come down here. I'm on the BLIT..
For bein' DEVIANT, it looks like... We 'pop' 'em, right?
And I'M GOING- to be-
No- bring 'em WITH us..
Are you CRAZY? We don't know ANYTHING about 'em! What if they're informants?
Don't worry about it, Zack! THIS way, sisters!
I dunno what's goin' on, but I guess you have officially joined the UnderGround...
um.. you wouldn't happen to know where I can get hold of some Hypers..
Reba.. NO!
This looks like a musical instrument, but it's tuned to an ultra-high pitch that can actually send an individual..
YEAH- tell 'em EVERYTHING..
- beyond the bounds of time to the PAST... an' I see you've managed to recruit REBA, the SlaughtaThon champ to help us out!
REALLY? I.. HEARD of her, but..
Some of my BETTER conflicts are regularly broadcast on Line One...

YEAH! She's gotten RICH off of that SlaughtaThon...
What's your BODY COUNT, Bitch?
But, I just helped place United Corporations of Earth at the TOP of the InterGalactic Games..

Who's BETTER suited for these assassinations than a professional killer with no regard for human life?
Well, it only comes after YEARS of rigorous training, as well as maintaining a positive attitude, and...
WHAT? She represents EVERYTHING that's evil an' death worshipping about this GodState we've sworn to destroy..

NOBODY can destroy GodState!
WE can! We're sending agents to the PAST to eliminate the religious and political leaders responsible for bringing this abomination upon our world...
ABOMINATION? This is BLASPHEMY!
You're wrong.. An' GodState is wrong..

GodState is EVERYTHING, an' I'M its instrument for upholding its authority an' strengthening the race! If you think your whacko scheme will succeed, you're...
Reba.. GodState IS wrong..

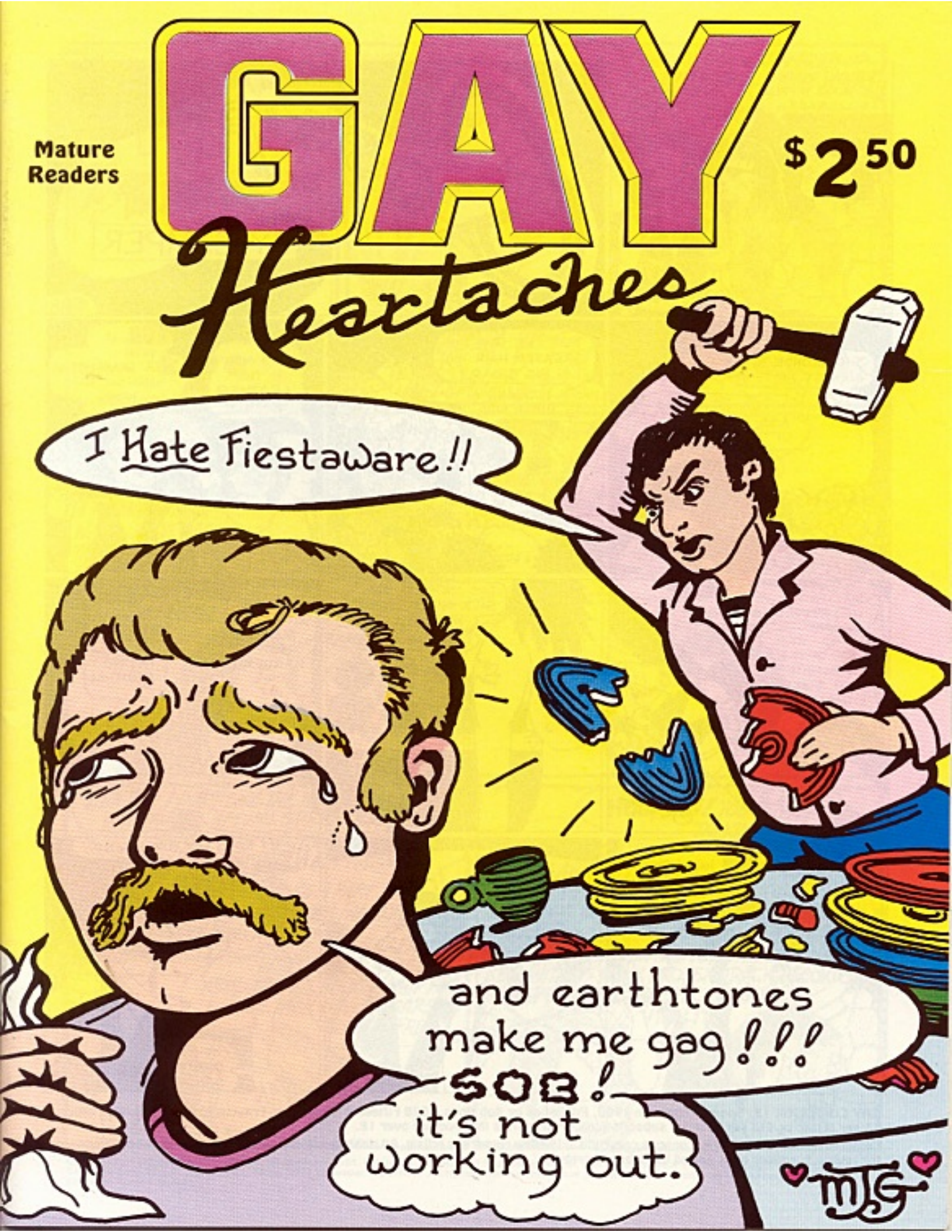
Taneer.. I'm SORRY.. I..
Did you HEAR her? And NOW she knows all about us!
Wanna take bets on how soon she's gonna turn us all in?
You're RIGHT..

Looks like our heroines just can't win, huh? See how they get out of THIS scrape.. (OR, see if they DON'T... the next episode is the LAST...)

Mature Readers

GAY Heartaches

$2.50



THE ONE WITH THE HUGE NIPPLES AND CURLS?
SHE NEVER FUCKED ANYTHING SHE WASN'T SURE SHE COULD BEAT.
Gossip
BY CAMPER
©88
THE BLONDE IN THE VELVET SUIT?
LIKES IT UP THE ASS WITH A ROLLED UP READER'S DIGEST.
THAT ONE WITH THE GREASED HAIR AND THE BIG CIGAR?
HAS A HUSBAND AT HOME WITH THREE KIDS.
THIS ONE IN THE LEATHER BIKINI?
MADE IT WITH HER GRANDMOTHER WHEN SHE WAS NINE.
THAT BROAD WITH THE REVOLTING GIGGLE?
SHE'S YOUR EX-LOVER'S ROOMMATE'S OLD SWEETIE'S GIRLFRIEND.
THIS ONE WITH THE SILK SHIRT OPEN TO HER NAVEL?
ONLY FUCKS NURSES.
THE ONE WITH THE SUCK-ME-HARDER LOOK IN HER EYES?
HAS SOME TALENT BUT NO AMBITION.
THAT ONE WITH HER HAND DOWN HER FRIEND'S PANTS?
I HEAR HER LOVER'S THE LAST TO KNOW...
HEY! THAT'S MY GIRLFRIEND!!
YOU DON'T SAY...

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Leonard & Larry

by TIM BARELA ©1988

and baby makes five

I LOVE WEEKENDS... I DON'T HAVE TO GO INTO THE OFFICE OR TALK TO CUSTOMERS OR DRESS UP IN DESIGNER SUITS...

THIS IS THE ONLY TIME WE GET TO DRESS LIKE **DYKES.**

WE ALWAYS GET TO DRESS UP LIKE **FAGS...** MORE WINE?

ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT! WHAT'S THIS BIG NEWS YOU GUYS WANTED TO TELL US?

WELL, LINDA AND I HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR MORE THAN FIVE YEARS NOW. WITH MY NEW JOB AND ALL, WE'RE A LOT MORE STABLE, MONEY-WISE... WE'VE DECIDED THAT THE TIME IS RIGHT, THAT WE'VE COME TO AN IMPORTANT CROSSROADS AND THAT **NOW** IS **THE...**

WHAT SHE'S TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THE OL' BIOLOGICAL CLOCK IS TICKING AWAY, AND THE TWO OF US DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT STANDING THERE, EMPTY-HANDED AT MIDNIGHT... WE'VE DECIDED TO HAVE **A BABY.**

NOW THAT'S GOING TO BE A **NEAT TRICK!**

WE DON'T PLAN ON DOING THIS BY OUR-SELVES, **DICK-HEAD!** THAT'S WHERE YOU TWO COME IN.

WHAT **EXACTLY** ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?

LISA AND I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF MAKING A WITHDRAWAL AT SOME SPERM BANK. WE WANT TO KNOW THE FATHER, FOR HIM TO BE A **FRIEND,** A GAY FRIEND...

SOMEONE WHO'S WILLING TO BE A PART OF THE CHILD'S LIFE, A PART OF OUR FAMILY; A POSITIVE, NURTURING MALE INFLUENCE.

...A GAY FRIEND WHO'S BEEN IN A STABLE, MONOGAMOUS RELATIONSHIP FOR MORE THAN SEVEN YEARS— DISEASE FREE.

HOLY SHIT! YOU GUYS ARE TALKING ABOUT **US!**

OF COURSE, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT US, LEONARD. **WHO ELSE?** NOT ONLY DO WE MEET ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS, BUT **I** HAVE CONSIDERABLE EXPERTISE IN THE AREA... MY TWO SONS, RICHARD AND DAVID, STRAPPING THIRTEEN AND ELEVEN YEAR OLDS, BEAR WITNESS TO MY PROVEN TRACK RECORD OF **EXPERIENCE** AND **EXCEPTIONAL VIRILITY.**

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Edited by Robert Triptow.

LADIES, WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, "EVAN'S STUD SERVICE" AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
SORRY, LARRY DEAR, BUT, IN THESE DAYS OF MODERN SCIENCE, YOUR PARTICULAR BRAND OF "EXPERTISE" IS HAPPILY NOT REQUIRED.
BESIDES, LISA ISN'T THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO CARRY THIS BABY. I AM, AND I WANT THE FATHER TO BE AS MUCH LIKE LISA—ETHNICALLY—AS POSSIBLE... YOU KNOW, EASTERN EUROPEAN ANCESTRY, JEWISH...
...ASIDE FROM THAT, WE BOTH JUST LOVE LEONARD'S NOBLE HEBREW NOSE.
Gay
later that week...
HMMM..."NOBLE HEBREW NOSE"... I NEVER THOUGHT MY NOSE WAS NOBLE. BUT THEN, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, MY NOSE IS THE END PRODUCT OF FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OF SELECTIVE JEWISH BREEDING AND QUALITY CONTROL...
I WILL TACTFULLY IGNORE THAT TACKY REMARK.
INDEED. PLANT BREEDERS WILL INVEST DECADES OF EFFORT IN ORDER TO PRODUCE A LARGER POTATO.
FRONTIERS
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT A "NOBLE HEBREW NOSE," ANYWAY? IF I WERE BUILDING A BABY, I WOULDN'T WANT TO SADDLE THE POOR KID WITH A SCHNOZ LIKE THAT FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!... HOW ABOUT AN ARISTOCRATIC WELSH NOSE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY NOSE?
FRONTIERS
YOUR NOSE ISN'T WELSH, IT'S SCOTTISH. YOU GET YOUR FEATURES FROM THE MACINTOSH SIDE OF YOUR FAMILY... YOUR PUG NOSE AND THE SUN FRECKLES YOU GET, YOUR BLOND HAIR AND BLUE EYES, EVEN THE CLEFT CHIN HIDING UNDER YOUR RUDDY, SCOTCH WHISKERS. AND FOR ALL THAT YOU CAN THANK YOUR DISTANT VIKING ANCESTORS WHO, UPON INVADING SCOTLAND A MERE ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, FUCKED ANYTHING THAT HAD A PULSE.

LEONARD, YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY GOING TO GO THRU WITH THIS, ARE YOU?
OF COURSE I AM. LINDA AND LISA ARE TWO OF OUR DEAREST FRIENDS — I ALREADY SAID, "YES!"
...YOU WERE ALL FIRED UP TO DO IT UNTIL LISA AND I LET YOU KNOW JUST WHAT WE THOUGHT OF YOUR PROPOSAL TO RELIVE YOUR HETEROSEXUAL PAST BY TAKING LINDA FOR A ROLL IN THE HAY DOWN MEMORY LANE.
WELL, HOW ELSE WOULD I KNOW HOW TO DO IT? WAY BACK WHEN I WAS IN THE BABY-MAKING BUSINESS, WE DID IT THE OLD FASHIONED WAY...
...WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ALL THESE NEW AND IMPERSONAL SCIENTIFIC TECHNIQUES. WE WEREN'T FAMILIAR WITH ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION; WE GOT FAMILIAR WITH EACH OTHER. I NEVER HAD TO WHACK-OFF INTO ONE OF THESE.
GIVE ME THAT! I HAVE TO KEEP IT SEALED AND STERILE UNTIL I USE IT.
WELL, JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN THE BLESSED EVENT TAKES PLACE.
LARRY, THIS ONE IS JUST FOR A TEST SAMPLE. YOU KNOW, A SPERM COUNT, H.I.V. TEST, I SUPPOSE.
SPERM COUNT? WE NEVER HAD TO COUNT ANYTHING. WE JUST SHOT IN THE DARK AND TOOK OUR CHANCES, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
...OF COURSE, YOU'LL BE DOING IT WITH THE LIGHTS ON. IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SIMULTANEOUSLY CHECK OUT THE CENTER FOLD OR READ A PIECE OF "ONE-HANDED" LITERATURE IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE FAG RAG...HEAVEN KNOWS, WE SHOULD'VE PLANNED THIS WHOLE THING BETTER; I COULD'VE RENTED A VIDEO...
...HOWEVER YOU DO IT, WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, I JUST HOPE THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO STORE THAT THING IN THE REFRIGERATOR. TOMORROW MORNING, BEFORE I'VE HAD MY COFFEE AND I'M STUMBLING AROUND IN THE KITCHEN TRYING TO MAKE BREAKFAST, I MIGHT MISTAKE IT FOR THE MARMALADE.
LARRY, WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM? YOU HAVE BEEN DOING NOTHING BUT BITCHING AND MOANING AND ACTING HOSTILE SINCE LINDA AND LISA WERE HERE SUNDAY!

MY PROBLEM IS THAT YOU'RE MY LOVER, THE OTHER HALF OF MY LIFE FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS! EVERY BRIDGE WE'VE COME TO, SINCE THEN, WE'VE CROSSED TOGETHER. BUT NOW, SUDDENLY, YOU'VE MADE A MAJOR LIFE'S DECISION AND I'M NOT A PART OF IT. YES, MY PRIDE'S BEEN HURT. YES, I'M JEALOUS. BUT MORE IMPORTANT, I JUST FEEL LEFT OUT.
HOW DO YOU THINK I'VE FELT ALL THESE YEARS? YOUR TWO KIDS HAVE BECOME A PART OF OUR LIFE TOGETHER. EVERY OTHER WEEKEND I'VE CARED FOR THEM WITH YOU, I'VE WATCHED THEM GROW, I'VE TRIED TO BE THEIR FRIEND AND, BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, I'VE COME TO LOVE THEM. BUT NO MATTER HOW CLOSE RICHARD AND DAVID AND I EVER BECOME, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE "DAD" AND I'LL ALWAYS, JUST BE LEONARD...
...GOSH, SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT EVERYBODY I KNOW IS A DAD. YOU AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS FROM "GAY FATHERS," BOTH MY BROTHERS, ALL OF MY MALE COUSINS... DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT EVEN DENNIS HAS A DAUGHTER? SHE LIVES IN BALTIMORE, SHE'S GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH... SHIT! PRETTY SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO SAY THAT MY EX-LOVER IS A GRAND FATHER...
...I KNEW THAT I WAS GAY WHEN I WAS TWELVE. AFTER THAT, I JUST WROTE OFF THE IDEA OF EVER BEING A FATHER. BESIDES, PARENTING WAS A PAIN I COULD LIVE WITHOUT... WELL, I'M NOT TWELVE ANYMORE, I'M THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD. MAYBE MY BIOLOGICAL CLOCK'S TICKING AWAY, TOO, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT BEING A PARENT—WITH ALL THE PAIN AND RESPONSIBILITY THAT'S INCLUDED—ISN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA, AFTER ALL... I WANT TO GIVE IT A TRY.
I STILL, KINDA' FEEL LEFT OUT.
I DIDN'T PLAN ON DOING THIS BY MYSELF, DICK-HEAD! I ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO BE A PART OF IT, NOW AND ESPECIALLY NEXT TIME. ...I WAS HOPING THAT YOU'D GIVE ME A HAND... GRAB THE "THING" AND TURN OFF THE LIGHT.
GEEZ!... IF I HAD EVER TOLD MY KIDS THAT THIS IS WHERE BABIES COME FROM, THEY WOULD'VE NEVER BELIEVED ME!
JIM BARELA ©1988

DOORDYKE
A MOSTLY TRUE STORY BY Joan Hilty
NO MINORS
HOW 'BOUT SOME I.D.?
THE NAME'S RONNIE, AND SOME NIGHTS, I REALLY EARN MY MONEY.
OH MY GOD! I CAN'T FIND IT!! I MUST HAVE LEFT IT AT HOME!!! LET ME IN ANYWAY??
I BET YOU'LL JUST CATCH THAT BUS IF YOU RUN, HON.
EAT MY BUSH
LET'S LABIA
WITH THAT MANY POCKETS WE'D BE HERE ALL NIGHT....
CRASH
TINKLE
BITCH!! OPEN THIS DOOR!!!
C'MON JANIE.
IT'S LISA!!!
I KNOW. IT'S ALWAYS LISA.
SHE'S IN TH' BATHROOM SCREWING SOMEONE!!
OH.
OKAY!! BREAK IT UP!!
UH! UH! OOH! OH!
HEY! I WASN'T DONE!
YOU ARE NOW.
C'MON BABE! ALLYA NEED IZZA REAL MAN!!
RONNIE!! WHO LET THIS JERK IN???
:HIC: :SOB: I'M JUST A LONELY GUY, THASHALL!
YES, YES. NOW GO BE LONELY SOMEWHERE ELSE.
TAXI!!!
AT LAST... FIVE MINUTES OF RELATIVE PEACE...
AND NO ONE'S TRIED TO SNEAK IN.
SCURRY
WAS THAT A RAT??
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! A RAT! A HUGE RAT JUST RAN THROUGH TH' DOOR!!
EVERYONE WILL SEE IT AND FLIP OUT!! I GOTTA BE EXTRA COOL!!
SKULK SKULK
SNEAK SNEAK SNEAK
LOOK, EVERYONE! A HAMSTER!!
AWWWW!!!
!
I QUIT THIS JOB, I SWEAR!
BUT RONNIE! YOU SAY THAT EVERY WEEKEND!
I THINK I'LL CALL HER "GRETCHEN"!
END

MY BOSS, AT FIRST GLANCE, IS VERY OPEN MINDED..
ALL THE GUYS I WORK WITH ARE GAY, LIKE MYSELF.
BYE, JIMMY— I'LL BE HOME AT 10:30— I LOVE YOU!
..SHE'S COOL ABOUT IT
BUT TODAY I SAW HOW SHE TRULY FEELS..
YUCCCKK!!
SHE'S BEEN HELPING OUT A GIRL WHO'S HAD SOME BAD LUCK LATELY...
AND THEY'VE BECOME PRETTY CLOSE. THE GIRL HAD DEEPER FEELINGS.
AND THERE WAS A GIRL WHO COMES TO OUR RESTAURANT ALL THE TIME, WHO SCREWED UP ENOUGH GUTS TO CALL MY BOSS FOR A DATE.
?
SO SHE WENT OFF...
DO I LOOK DYKEY? WHAT'S GOING ON? GOD, THIS HAS BEEN THE WORST WEEK... DON'T I LOOK FEMININE ENOUGH?
THE WORST PART HAPPENED WHEN THE WHITE TRASH DELIVERY BOY CAME TODAY...
..AND SHE ASKED ME FOR A DATE, ISN'T THAT DISGUSTING?
THAT'S A LOW BLOW!
GOD, THAT'S LOW-DOWN
SHE KNEW I WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY..
YEEUCCK!! IT'S SO DISGUSTING, I WANT TO PUKE!
YEAH, IT SURE IS. IT'S DISGUSTING!!
MAYBE I SHOULD LOOK MORE FEMININE!!
..LIKE HER!
SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND!!
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T FEEL INSULTED, BECAUSE IT'S POSSIBLE THAT BEING WITH A WOMAN DISGUSTS HER, BUT SHE HAS NO PROBLEM WITH MALE GAYNESS...
YUCK! POOEY ICK!
THAT'S LOW-DOWN, YCCCK!
OR MAYBE SHE PRETENDS THAT HOMOSEXUALITY IN ANY FORM IS COOL, WHEN IN FACT SHE THINKS IT'S DISGUSTING EVEN IF SHE'S NOT PERSONALLY INVOLVED..
GAG! BLECCH! UGG!
GROSS! YUCK! SICK!
MAYBE SHE'S TRYING TO ERADICATE ANY MUSINGS THAT SHE MIGHT BE GAY SO THAT A DUDE WILL ASK HER OUT. GODDAMMIT, I AM INSULTED!!
BOTH OF YOU BITCHES PROTEST TOO MUCH!!
BLUE

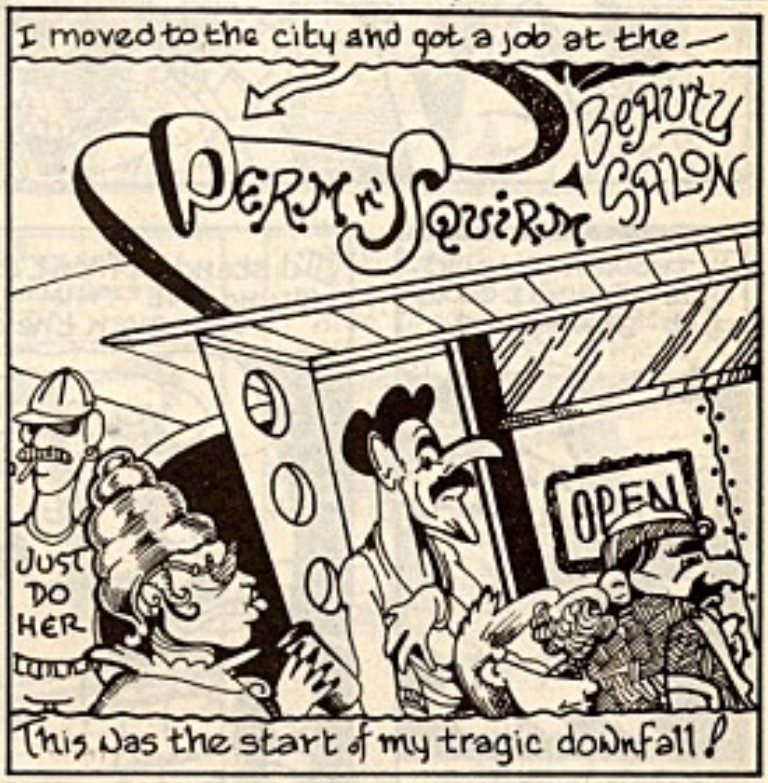
THIS IS A PUBLIC SERVICE CARTOON FOR GAY MEN (everywhere)

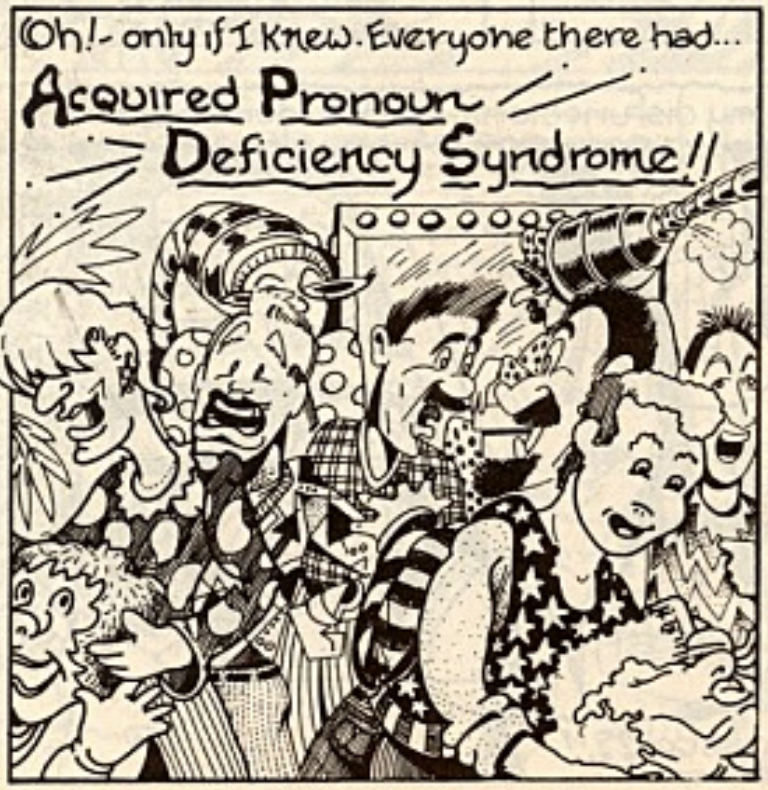
We're here to ~~dish~~ talk about....

ACQUIRED PRONOUN DEFICIENCY SYNDROME

Story by PETER KEANE © 1988 KEANE PRODUCTIONS

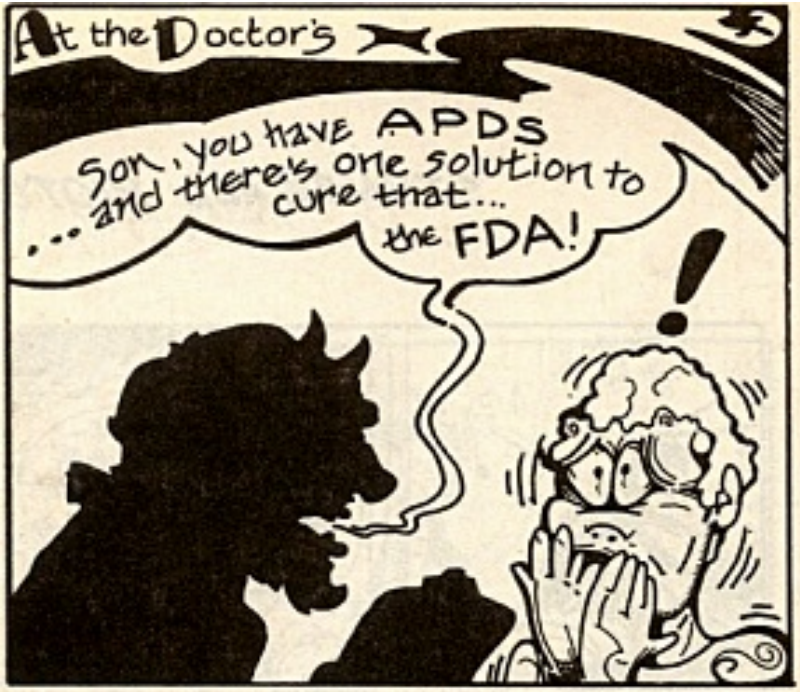
It all started innocently enough. I was just a simple, gender-correct young gay boy from a small town.
With dreams of fame, fortune and fabulous hairdos dancing in my head....

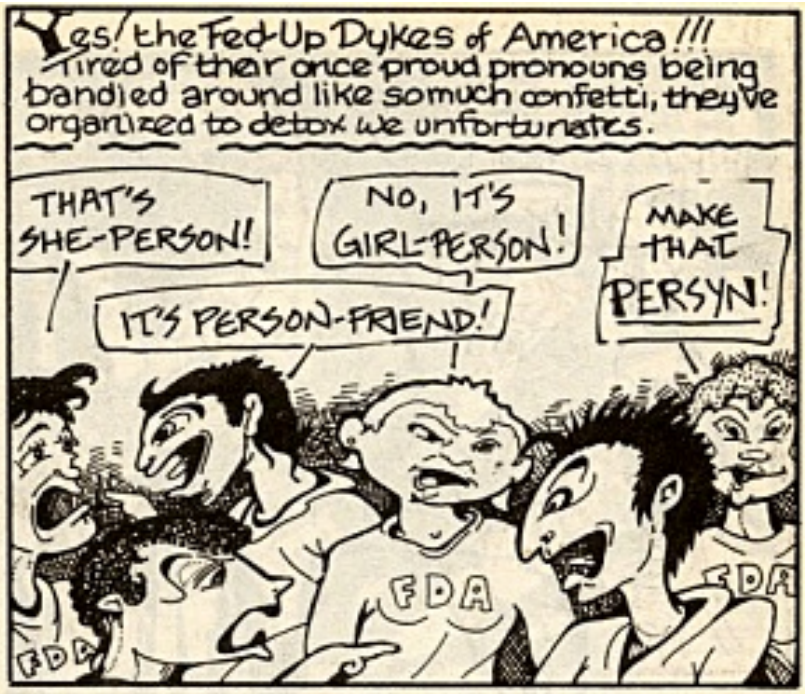


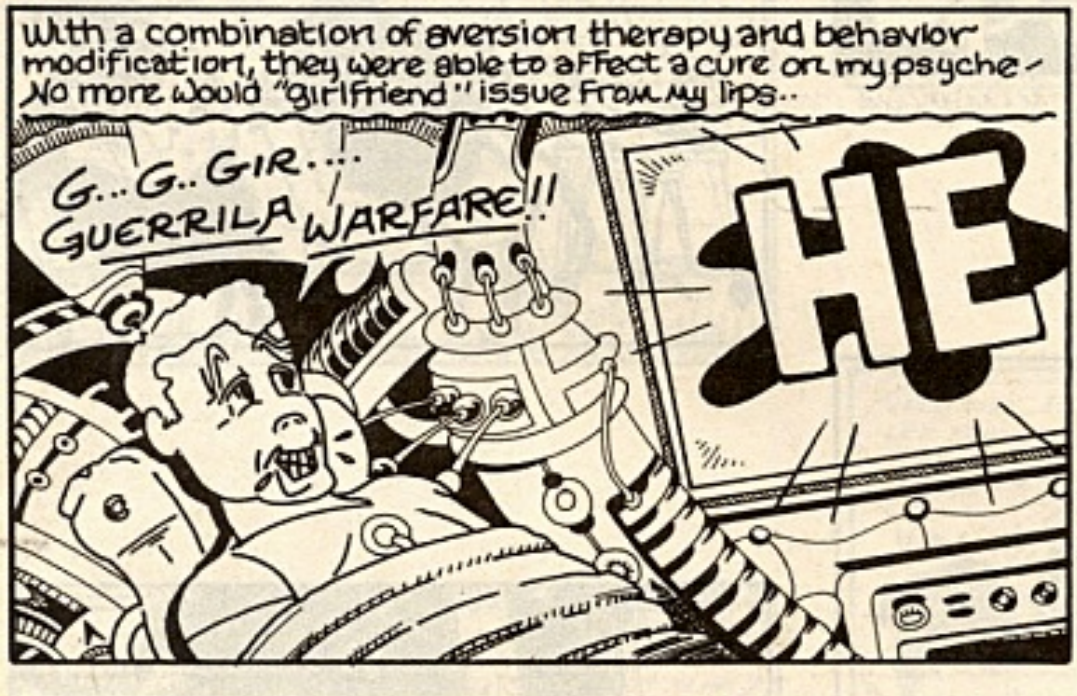


It started with a simple "oh, Her" or a "SHE" where "HIM" or "HE" should be.
Miss Thing was in the shop today and doesn't she look like Miss Mess herself...
I mean, her roots are longer than her laugh lines!

It started to affect all my conversations!!
Hello- GIRLFATHER (gulp)! I mean DAD
!?
.... and my state of mind!!
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
SHE-I, SHE-I...
OH, MARY!!
NO!
DA
NO!
I THOUGHT I could quit- I knew I could quit- at anytime
?
HER
It wasn't really a problem. (HA!)
I'd stand in front of the mirror saying "HE"-"HIM"-"HIS"-"MISTER" and even the dreaded —
YO, DUDE!
BUT ALAS
These "home cures" are often failures
I slowly sank into a morass of gender confusion and garbled female pronouns
Even my cat, Princess (a tomcat) ignored me — (except at dinnertime)
Make wit' the grub, bub!
SOON, everything became the subject of my disfunctional gender identification
Cook Already, GIRLFISH!
... oh, Holy Virgin Mary, Mary
CHANGE, you bitch!
Was it too late ??!!




Yes! the Fed-Up Dykes of America!!! Tired of their once proud pronouns being bandied around like somuch confetti, they've organized to detox we unfortunates.
THAT'S SHE-PERSON!
NO, IT'S GIRL-PERSON!
MAKE THAT PERSYN!
IT'S PERSON-FRIEND!
FDA
FDA
FDA


With a combination of aversion therapy and behavior modification, they were able to affect a cure on my psyche - No more would "girlfriend" issue from my lips..
G..G..GIR.... GUERRILA WARFARE!!
HE

ART — MICHAEL J. GOLDBERG

THANKS TO VAUGHN + ROBERT ©1991

AFTER THREE MONTHS TONI'S RELATIONSHIP WITH JOT IS STILL CELIBATE.

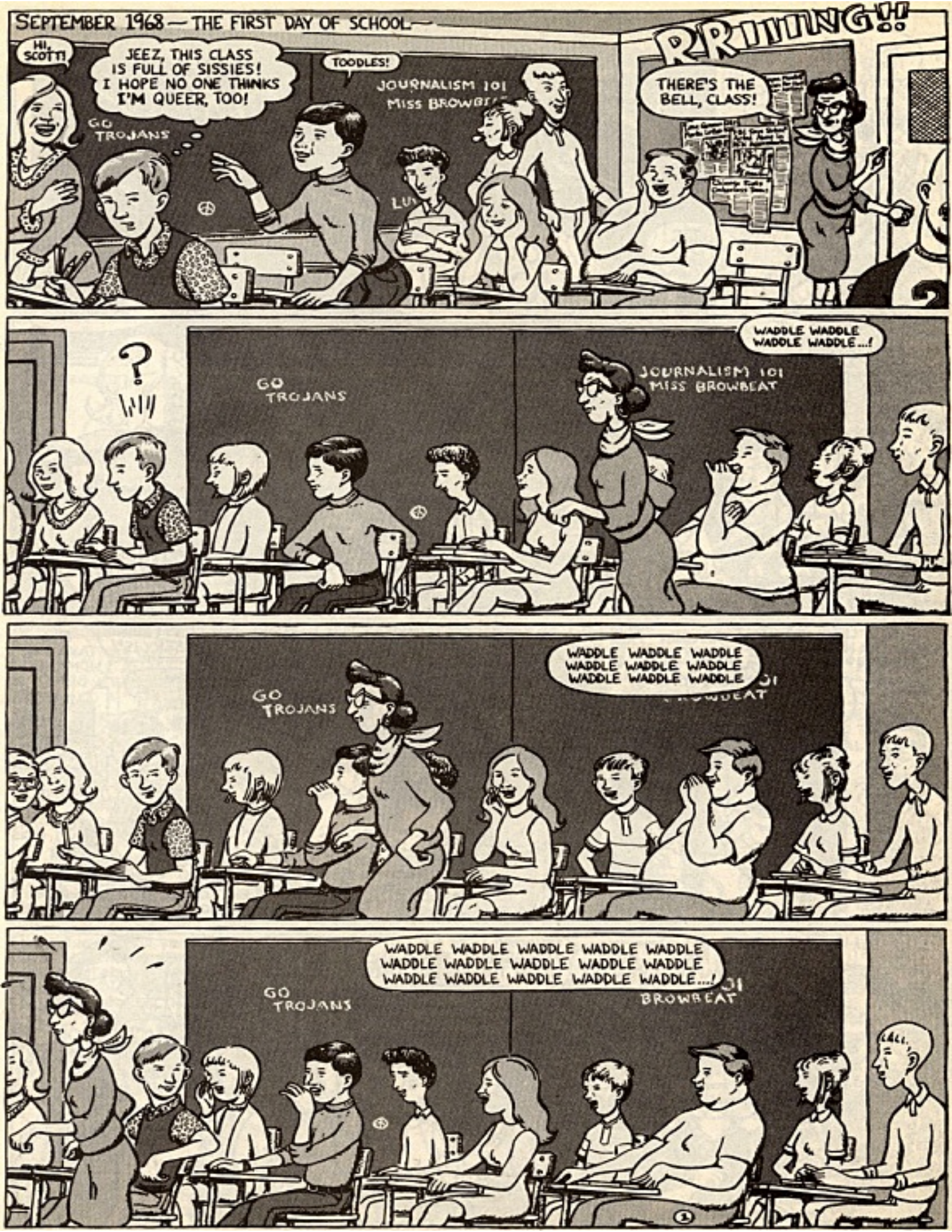
STONEWALL RIOTS

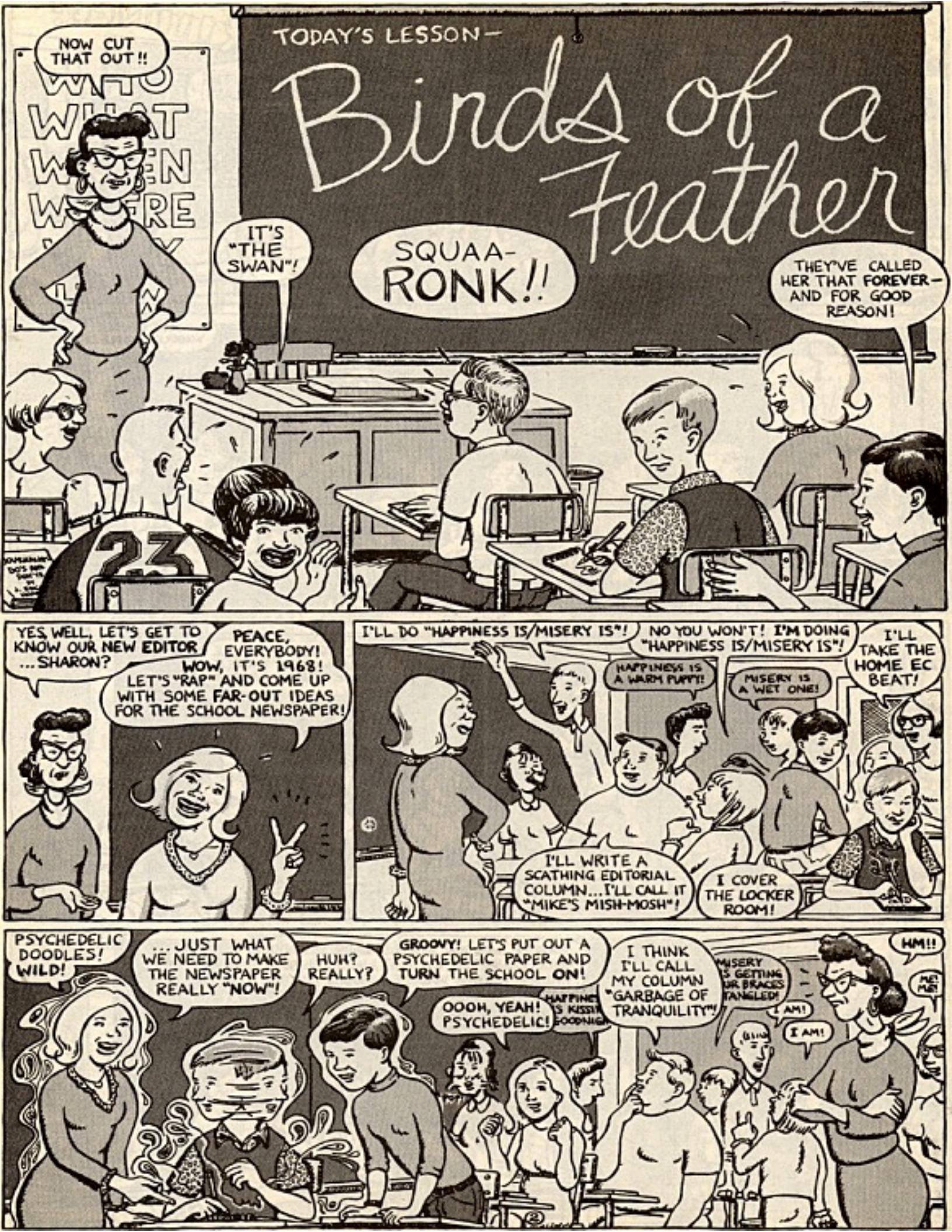
WE WILL SLASH FUNDS OF ANY COLLEGE WHICH EXHIBITS "ART" SUGGESTING OF FEMALE GENITALIA
I HATE GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
DOWN WITH JUDY CHICAGO

BY ANDREA NATALIE

JESSE HELMS IS DISCOVERED IN THE CLOSET.

TEA and SYMPATHY
©1987 GROC
MONDAY
I WAS JUST FLICKING THROUGH THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE FACE TO SEE IF I WAS FAMOUS YET (AS YOU DO-)
WHEN SUDDENLY..
SUDDEN PERIODIC BLINDNESS
:PSAH!: NOT EVEN A MENTION
KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHO'S THAT?
HEART-BREAK HOTEL
COMING SOON!
TEEN ANGELS IN ANGUISH
BOO-HOO!
DAVE DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE!
HELLO PETE C'MON IN
STRIP AIDS
HAVE A NICE CUP OF TEA AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
HE :SOB: STAYED OUT LAST NIGHT AND WOULDN'T TELL ME WHERE HE WAS - AND ON THURSDAY HE FORGOT MY BIRTHDAY - WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER :SOB: FIVE YEARS..
STOPAIDS
...AND HE'S NEVER FORGOTTEN BEFORE... :CHOKE: I SUPPOSE HE'S PAYING ME BACK FOR ME ACCIDENTLY SLEEP-ING WITH ANDY... :SOB: — BUT...
:TSK: ALL THIS FUSS HE SHOULD THINK HIMSELF LUCKY HE'S BEEN IN A RELATION-SHIP THIS LONG! I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND!
BLUBBER
SNIFFLE
HOW TERRIBLE! TUT-TUT!
TUESDAY
WAHHH
SOB SOB SOB
WHAT? ANOTHER ONE? THIS MUST BE NATIONAL EMOTIONAL CRISIS WEEK — HELLO "SNAKE" CUP OF TEA?
I'VE JUST BROKEN UP WITH KIM SHE DIDN'T LIKE THE POEM I WROTE ABOUT OUR LAST GAS BILL :SOB: IN FACT I'VE WRITTEN A POEM ABOUT OUR BREAK-UP DO YOU WANT TO HEAR IT?
SNIFF SNIFF
TSK SUCH A TRIVIAL THING TO FALL OUT OVER! I WOULDN'T JEOPAR-DIZE A RELATION-SHIP LIKE THAT :SIGH: I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
REALLY? OH DEAR
WEDNESDAY
WAH! HARVEY WON'T TIE ME UP AND WHIP ME ANYMORE :SOB: AND PHIL ISN'T TALKING TO ME NOW I'M SEEING BARRY...
HUH! DUANE HAS DOZENS OF BOY FRIENDS - WHEN I CAN'T FIND EVEN ONE - TUT I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
SOB SOB
SHAME, DEAR OH DEAR TSK-TSK
ALEENO
THURSDAY
- AND THEN HE TOLD ME OFF FOR NOT WEAR-ING RUBBER GLOVES WHEN I DID THE WASHING-UP! HE COOKED MINCE AND HE KNOWS I HATE MINCE...
I WISH I HAD A BOY-FRIEND
TUT-TUT WOULD YOU CREDIT IT!
FRIDAY
... AND THEN HE WORE MY BEST T-SHIRT AND WHITE JACKET TO THE PARTY OF COURSE THEY GOT COVERED IN RED WINE AND COFFEE - I SAID...
:SIGH: I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
NO - HOW COULD HE? TSK-TSK
BLUB
SOB
SOB
SATURDAY...
I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND (HINT — HINT!)
UH-UH! I WISH I'D BOUGHT SOME MORE TEA IN!


SEPTEMBER 1968 — THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL —
HI, SCOTT!
JEEZ, THIS CLASS IS FULL OF SISSIES! I HOPE NO ONE THINKS I'M QUEER, TOO!
GO TROJANS
TOODLES!
JOURNALISM 101
RRIIIING!!
THERE'S THE BELL, CLASS!
?
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE...!
JOURNALISM 101
MISS BROWBEAT
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE...!
BROWBEAT


NOW CUT THAT OUT!!
TODAY'S LESSON—
Birds of a Feather
IT'S "THE SWAN"!
SQUAA-RONK!!
THEY'VE CALLED HER THAT FOREVER— AND FOR GOOD REASON!
YES, WELL, LET'S GET TO KNOW OUR NEW EDITOR ...SHARON?
PEACE, EVERYBODY! WOW, IT'S 1968! LET'S "RAP" AND COME UP WITH SOME FAR-OUT IDEAS FOR THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER!
I'LL DO "HAPPINESS IS/MISERY IS"!
NO YOU WON'T! I'M DOING "HAPPINESS IS/MISERY IS"!
HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUPPY!
MISERY IS A WET ONE!
I'LL TAKE THE HOME EC BEAT!
I'LL WRITE A SCATHING EDITORIAL COLUMN... I'LL CALL IT "MIKE'S MISH-MOSH"!
I COVER THE LOCKER ROOM!
PSYCHEDELIC DOODLES! WILD!
...JUST WHAT WE NEED TO MAKE THE NEWSPAPER REALLY "NOW"!
HUH? REALLY?
GROOVY! LET'S PUT OUT A PSYCHEDELIC PAPER AND TURN THE SCHOOL ON!
OOOH, YEAH! PSYCHEDELIC!
I THINK I'LL CALL MY COLUMN "GARBAGE OF TRANQUILITY"!
I AM!
I AM!
HM!!

A FEW DAYS LATER...
IS IT PSYCHEDELIC ENOUGH?
I CAN'T READ ANY OF THE HEADLINES! IT'S PERFECT, RICHARD!
HAPPINESS IS THE WEEKEND
MISERY IS HOMEWORK
GROOVY NEWS
ALL RIGHTY, WHO NOTICES ANY DIFFERENCE IN ME? COME ON, NOW!
WHO CARES?
SQRONK!
WELL, LOOK HOW MUCH LONGER MY HAIR IS THAN YESTERDAY!
WOW, YEAH— IT SURE GROWS FAST!
IT'S A FALL, SILLY!
OH, REALLY, MISS BROWBEAT? NO!!
HERE'S THE ART FOR THE FIRST ISSUE, MISS BROWBEAT!
OH, MY! WELL—
LET'S DISCUSS IT IN MY OFFICE, WHY DON'T WE.
... I'M NOT CERTAIN WHY YOU WANT TO WASTE YOUR TALENTS ON SUCH QUESTIONABLE EFFORTS.
WHY, I CAN'T EVEN READ THE HEADLINES!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THEY'RE PERFECTLY LEGIBLE!
WELL, THIS DOES LOOK LIKE AN "L" —AND THERE'S AN "S" AND A "D"!
UH... THAT'S FOR "LDS," MISS BROWBEAT— THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
"THE MORMONS!"
AND WHAT DOES THIS MEAN...? "A FRIEND WITH SPEED IS A FRIEND INDEED!"
FAST FRIENDS
WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE....
BUT THIS "HITCHHIKING" STORY HAS TO GO! AS WE ALL KNOW, HITCHHIKING IMPLIES TAKING A TRIP, AND TAKING A TRIP MEANS TO TAKE DRUGS!
NIXON'S THE ONE
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT AT ALL!
JUST WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DRUGS, SCOTT?
OUR PRINCIPAL, DR. WALLY, IS ALERT TO DRUG USE AMONG STUDENTS, AND HE'LL ALLOW NOTHING RELATED TO IT IN THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER! HE'S REALLY QUITE FIRM ON THE SUBJECT!
WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS! FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!!
PERHAPS, SHARON, A MALE STUDENT SUCH AS KEVIN PSHAWSTEAD OR MIKE CURTSY WOULD BE A MORE ...TRADITIONAL EDITOR!
THE ONE
I GUESS I'D BETTER GET STARTED ON "HAPPINESS IS/ MISERY IS"!
ARE WE GONNA LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS?? WE SHOULD ORGANIZE THE STUDENTS AND DEMONSTRATE! MAYBE TAKE OVER THE CAFETERIA!
LET'S PLOT STRATEGY AT MY HOUSE TONIGHT!
WHAT? AND MISS "LAUGH-IN"?

THAT EVENING...
I SWEAR, IT'S EXACTLY LIKE NAZI GERMANY!
IT'S NOT FAIR! I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT OF WRITING ABOUT DRUGS!
IT'S "SOCK IT TO ME" TIME!
I'VE NEVER EVEN TAKEN ANY!
YOU BET YOUR BIPPY!
-HAVE YOU?
NOT YET...!
MAYBE WE CAN DO AN EXPOSÉ ON DR. WALLY.... MY UNCLE HOWARD WAS A CLASSMATE OF HIS AT HARVARD!
OH, BROTHER!
WHAT A BORING NEWSPAPER IT'S GOING TO BE!
...AND NOW OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL GUEST, MR. TINY TIM!
TOO MUCH!
CAMP!
TIP-TOE... THROUGH THE TU-LIPS... WITH ME-E-E-E-E-E-E!
THE NEXT DAY...
JUST WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR "BEAUTIFUL AND WRINKLE FREE"?
IT CONTAINS INAPPROPRIATE MATERIAL FOR THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER!
WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?
IT'S THIS REFERENCE TO "DONOVAN"... ISN'T THAT A TRANQUILIZER?
SHE MAY HAVE A POINT THERE!
DON'T THINK YOU CAN PUT ANYTHING PAST ME!
DONOVAN IS A FOLKSINGER MISS BROWBEAT! YOU'RE THINKING OF "DARVONS"!
OH, REALLY, SHARON!
WHAT A COLORFUL STYLE OF WRITING!! WELL, A COMPLEXION COLUMN SEEMS LIKE A GOOD IDEA! I REMEMBER MY OWN BLEMISH PROBLEM AS A TEENAGER!
YOU, A TEENAGER? WITH ACNE? THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!
YOU'RE SWEET!
WHAT A NAIVE OLD VIRGIN! ...I THINK I'LL JUST SPICE UP MY COLUMN A LITTLE, TOO!! SHE'LL NEVER CATCH ON!
THE FIRST ISSUE APPEARS...
HAVE YOU READ "DANNY DOVE," MIKEY?
I SIMPLY SHRIEK WITH LAUGHTER EVERY TIME I THINK OF IT!
TOOODLES!
TOOODLES!
"LUV" AND KISSES!
FAR OUT!
ONE IS ENCOURAGED TO REACH FOR MORE

Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

Sweet things! Yes, loved ones, school has begun. Now, darlings, I am not what you would call a school hater, but it seems to me that summer was so short that my eyes sometimes cry with the remorse of a baby hungry for its dinner.

I am new here at Happy Valley High, and I fell in luv with your go-get-em school the moment I saw it. To step inside the halls and view your pink and green colored lockers and walls was certainly a different kind of experience for a plain fellow like me.

On registration day I met one of your lovable and radiant counselors. I was informed that I would have to cut my hair off and shave my sexy little beard. It was a bummer and a tick-off because I just had a permanent, a gentle Toni; and then I had to lose all my swirly squirrely locks. Dismay is only part of my story.

The first day of school came, and I entered with my luv and kisses to all those who made my acquaintance. It was ever so much fun! I met a groovy chick named Fred in my shorthand class. She is so fab and cool, and she asked me to the Hello Dance. Now I don't know what you wear to these dances. You see, I have a new formal (SUIT, weird mind!), and I am just dying to show it off.

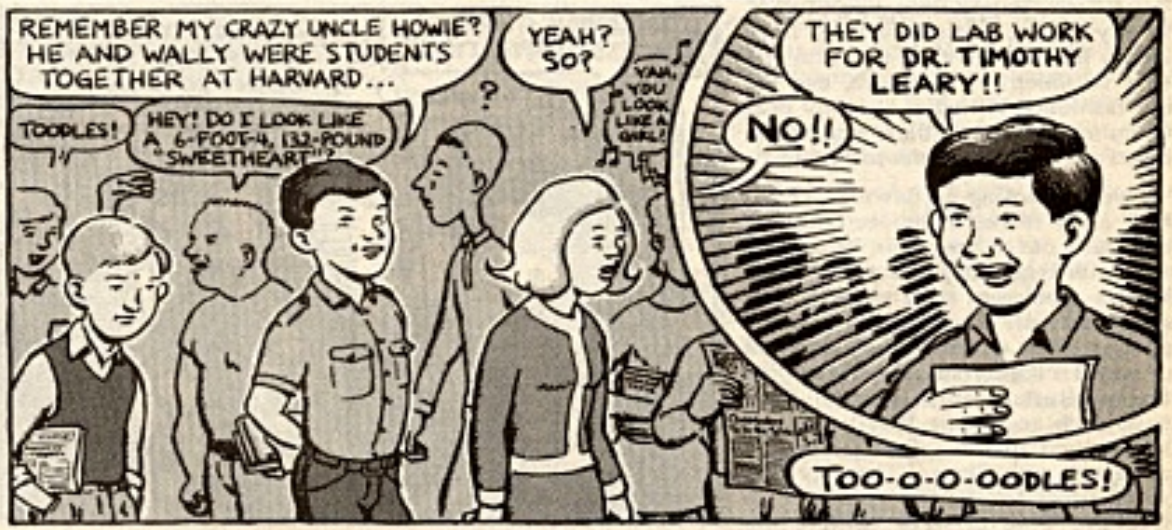
That adorable minstrel Donovan was in our dear City of Saints recently. He put on a fabulous flowery show full of luv and sentiment. It brought tears of rapture to my eyes when he sang "Mellow Yellow." It reminded me of bygone days when we all went from penny loafers to sandals, the other guys finally started wearing beads, and I changed my name from Ralph to Danny. Oh, Donovan, I LUV you!

Your principal, Dr. Wally, will be proud of me. At the Smegma High game Friday I sang the school song at the top of my lungs in my penetrating tenor along with the rest of all you Trojan fans. For some odd and peculiar reason, all the people around me got up . . . and left! That didn't show much school spirit, I'm afraid.

But I do luv so many things about your movin' groovin' school, like the posy garden under your stamp-ramp, the mess hall where I buy all my fruit, and, most of all, the girls' locker room. I discovered it quite by accident. I asked a teacher for directions, and she pointed to the wrong one. I doubt I will make that mistake again, because they almost made me stay.

Oh, I am definitely going to have a jolly time with all you darlings this year. I certainly hope we will be encountering one another soon. If you happen to see a six-foot-four, 132-pound sweetheart in the halls, say TOODLES!

MOVIN' GROOVIN'!
STAMP RAMP!
"DISMAY IS ONLY PART OF MY STORY!" HA HA!!
TOOODLES!
THAT WAS FAST
WELL, PARTY'S OVER! WE'RE WANTED IN WALLY'S OFFICE!
ARE YOU A BOY, OR ARE YOU A GIRL...?


REMEMBER MY CRAZY UNCLE HOWIE? HE AND WALLY WERE STUDENTS TOGETHER AT HARVARD...
YEAH? SO?
YAH, YOU LOOK LIKE A GIRL!
TOODLES!
HEY! DO I LOOK LIKE A 6-FOOT-4, 132-POUND "SWEETHEART"?
THEY DID LAB WORK FOR DR. TIMOTHY LEARY!!
NO!!
TOO-O-O-OODLES!

...AND I SEE THAT, ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE, YOU SNEAKED IN THIS WORD "DONOVAN"! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THIS IS A PRESCRIPTION DRUG!
THAT'S RIGHT, DR. WALLY— IT'S ALL DRUGS! ...AS IN LSD EXPERIMENTATION! ...YOU KNOW!!

IF WE HAVE TO DROP "THE DOVE," WE'LL JUST RUN THIS FINE PIECE OF INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING!
WHAT'S THIS?
PRINCIPAL TAKES LSD
SPLAT!
SPLUTTER!
6

OH, MY... OH, MY... WELL, THEN...
YES, WELL, WE DON'T WANT TO OUTRIGHT CENSOR OUR STUDENT PUBLICATIONS, BUT TO... ER—PROVIDE GUIDANCE!
GOOD DAY!
DR. WALLY PRINCIPAL

Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

While soundly snoozing, have you ever been awakened by the terrible and agonizing sound of vicious little blemishes singing, "We are acne pimples, NA NA NA NA NA NA!"?

Oh! What a curse, what an evil omen, what a mess! Now, if all you dear sweethearts—and you girls, too—want a peachy-creamy complexion like mine, then follow this beautiful and wise advice. Give up Clearasil, Fresh-Start, Happy Face, and Stridex. In my past experiences they have utterly failed to give me that skin you love to touch! I, therefore, use the old-fashioned remedies that my dear Grandmother Dove (bless her fragile bones) gave me from the rest home.

Every morning at dawn (early to bed, early to rise!), before combing the snarls out of your hair, wash your face with Ivory soap and gently scrub it with a piece of steel wool. It's so invigorating!!! To soften my skin, I apply a bottle of lemon juice and half a jar of creamy-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter (other brands don't have such an artistic label). After it has soaked in for a few minutes, I remove it with Clorox. Then my skin stays fresh for hours. And it's so fragrant! I never have complexion problems anymore. I suppose clean and virtuous living has a lot to do with it, too.

But one must be on guard every minute. We were passing a drive-in theatre the other night, and they were showing *Valley of the Dolls*. I immediately shielded my eyes from the horrid sights being flashed across the screen, but the imprint of what I had seen still lingers on. Alas, I can no longer claim purity. Oh, balderdash on my soul!!

Homecoming is a new and exciting thing for me to experience. I went around for three whole days trying to figure out what a homecoming was! I didn't know of anyone who had gone away. Everyone was here who had been coming. I guessed that it was for some poor, sweet student who had been ill and was about to join our happy little family again . . . perhaps some dear boy who had been injured in the savage but manly sport of football. Little did I know that all the students of years-gone-by returned upon that poignant, nostalgic day to renew all of their old friendships. Touching, isn't it? Wasn't that silly of me to get it all mixed up???

I would like to invite the entire studentbody to the mountaintops this coming weekend so we can share the glorious rapture of the autumn scenery that I partake of. Fred (that girl from my shorthand class) and I are going, and we'd luv to see you there. Maybe we could exchange leaves!

I THINK WE CAN SAFELY GET AWAY WITH MURDER FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR!
WOW, SCOTT— MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE JUST USED THE LSD STORY! IT'S A LOT MORE NEWSWORTHY THAN DANNY DOVE!
INCIPA

YEAH, ONE BRIEF MOMENT OF GLORY, AND THEN RIGHT BACK INTO THE SAME OLD TYRANNY OF SCHOOL!
DANNY DOVE WILL BE A LOT MORE FUN! —RIGHT, RICHARD?
RIGHT!
TOOOOPLES!

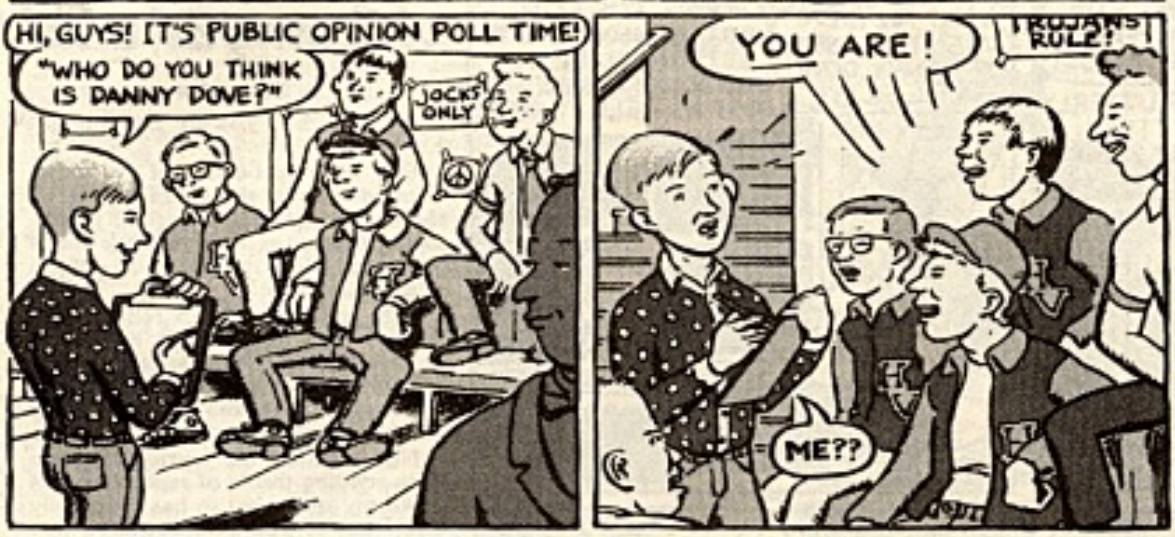
GOD KNOWS THERE'S ENDLESS INSPIRATION!
TOOOPLES!
I WANT TO WRITE THE DANNY DOVE COLUMN!
NO, MIKEY, I'M DOING THE NEXT DOVE INSTALLMENT! YOU CAN DO "HAPPINESS IS/ MISERY IS"!
TOOPLES!
BUT I WANNA BE DANNY DOVE!
OH, SCOTT... MR. NELLY FROM THE DRAMA CLASS WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

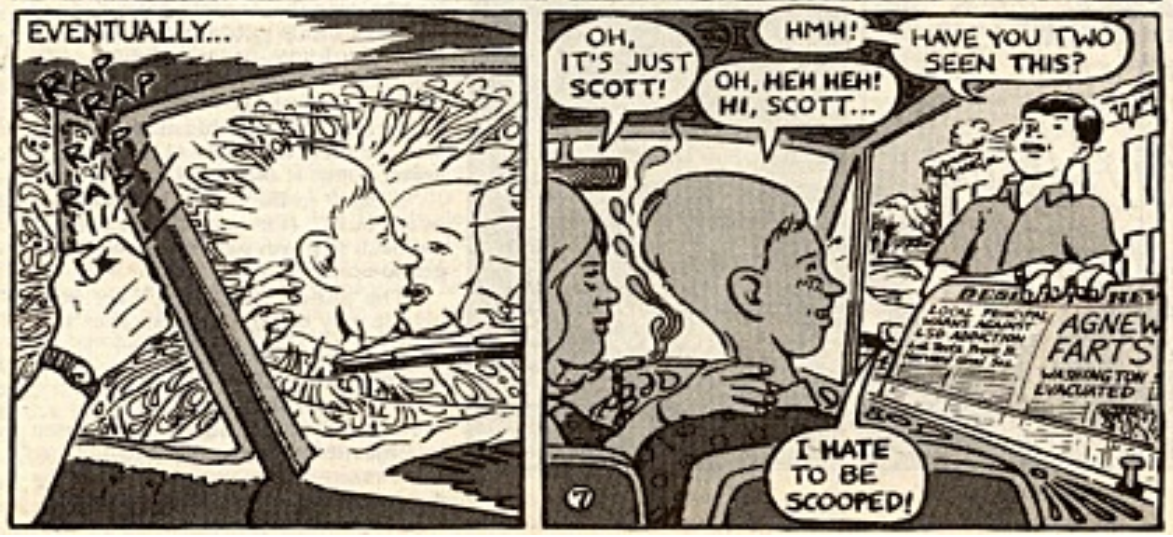
HI, BOB!
DON'T "BOB" ME, SCOTT!
IT'S JUST LUCKY THIS DANNY DOVE HAS EVERYONE SO DISTRACTED OR THERE'D BE TROUBLE!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A PIGEON?

COACH HARDT AND I ARE BOTH VERY UPSET AT BEING MENTIONED IN YOUR GOSSIP COLUMN! CUT IT OUT!!
CUT WHAT OUT, "BHOB"? ALL I DID WAS WISH YOU TWO A "HAPPY '69"!
THE NEW YEAR IS STILL THREE MONTHS AWAY!

WELL, RICHARD, THIS COLUMN SEEMS FINE...EXCEPT..."MAYBE WE COULD EXCHANGE LEAVES"... MARIJUANA LEAVES??
UH, GEE, MISS BROWBEAT, YOU'D PROBABLY BE MUCH MORE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT THOSE EYEGLASSES!

TIME GOES BY...
COULDN'T YOU GET A DATE FOR THE DANCE, SON?
I'LL BE AT SCOTT'S AFTER SCHOOL!
YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED IN THIS "DANNY DOVE" BUSINESS, ARE YOU?
NO, NO... IT'S COOL...
AND BACK AT SCHOOL
COMING TO THE COMPUTER DANCE AFTER SCHOOL, RICHARD?
I'LL BET WE'RE MATCHED UP!
MAYBE... FIRST I GOTTA FINISH THIS POLL FOR THE NEXT "DANNY DOVE"...





Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

Dearest Trojans!!!!

Now, sweethearts, I wish somebody would tell me what a "Spirit Week" is. All I know about it is what I've guessed: It must have something to do with those horrid creatures, ghosts. And I'm so deathly afraid of ghosts! I just wonder why we don't have Spirit Week during Halloween?

I recently heard the funniest joke. I simply must share it with you all! I heard it from our dear, magnetic cheerleader, Tommy Muscle. Here it is. Ready? Who fired the last seven shots into dear Mussolini? Give up? Five hundred Italian sharpshooters, that's who? Oh, I simply shriek with laughter every time I think of it, even though I absolutely abhor violence.

Oh! I'm so glad snow weather is at last upon us. My friends and I have been planning such fun things as making snowmen for ages! We make our snowmen with snowballs—we all aim at a pole or some such inanimate object that can't throw back, and we throw as many snowballs as we can find at it. When we're finished: Ah! Voila! A perfect image of faculty, friends, and fools.

I was so distressed when I heard that football was ending, but surprise surprise! I learned that we would be engaged with the delights of basketball. I've always liked basketball so much more than football because it's indoors—and the players wear such cute little uniforms.

Merry Christmas, sweet things! Oh, darlings, I'm so glad that Christmas time is at last upon us. I've been looking forward to it for simply ages. It's that vibrant time of year when luv abounds and men join hands in true brotherhood. It's also the time when that jolly fat man comes sliding down my chimney to unload his bag full of goodies!

Mr. Santa is such a sweet soul, I've always admired him so! I adore his lusty "Ho ho ho!" Ever since I was but a mere child in diapers, I've wanted to go to the North Pole to join in all the fun activities going on with all those elves. And this year I got a letter from Mr. Santa saying I could be his helper! I can hardly wait!!! Mr. Santa is so fabulous.

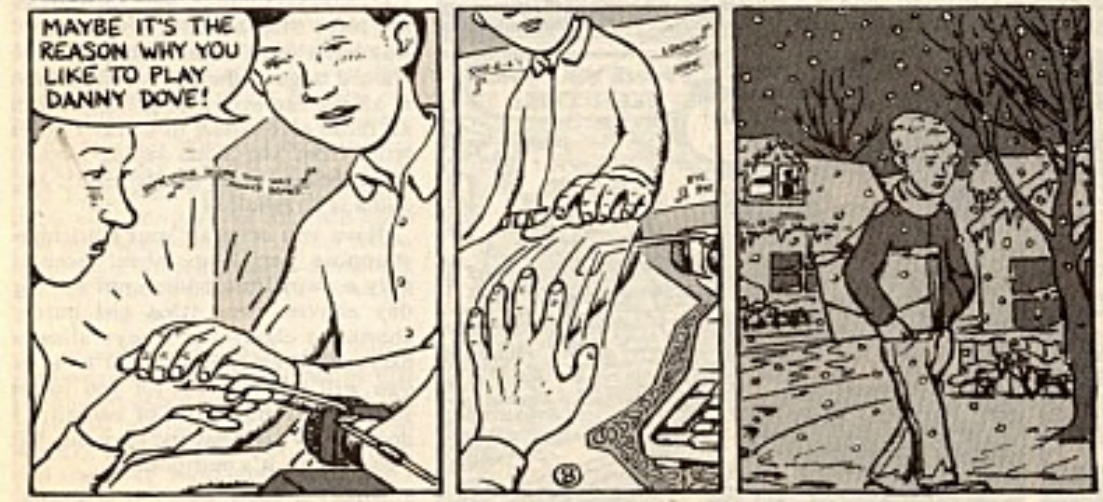
Have you done all your Christmas shopping yet? Remember, there is only a short little while until the big day arrives. Fred (that girl in my shorthand class) and I have already exchanged remembrances. If none of you will tell her, I'll let you in on what I gave her: a set of barbells! I don't know yet what she gave me, but I do so hope it's nutritious.

That's all for now, sweethearts, and I hope you have an exhilarating Christmas! Luv you all!

AND SO
...BUT YOU CAN'T JUST KILL THE COLUMN! YOU CAN'T KILL THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS! FREEDOM OF THE PRESS! POWER TO THE PEOPLE! RIGHT ON!!
...BESIDES, THE LAST COLUMN IS ALREADY WRITTEN!
VERY WELL— WE DON'T WANT TO SEEM LIKE TYRANTS...
JUST SEE THAT THE NEXT ISSUE IS DANNY DOVE'S SWAN SONG!
HA HA HA HA HA!
SQUA-RAWK!

ONE LAST INSTALLMENT, EH? WELL, THIS WILL SHOW 'EM WHO HAS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!
IT'S JUST TOO TOO!
IT'S UTTERLY UTTER!
WHAT AN IDEA! AN ENTIRE ISSUE OF DANNY DOVE! —YA BIG SILLY!!
YEAH, IT'S FUN... BUT DANNY DOVE IS GETTING TO BE AN OLD JOKE! MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL IT ENDS!

BESIDES, SOME OF THE KIDS ARE ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO WONDER IF I'M... WELL...
YEAH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!
TYPE TYPE TITE TYPITY TYPE TYPE
MAYBE THERE'S... ANOTHER REASON WHY THE KIDS ALL THINK YOU'RE GAY, KIDDO!!
"GAY"??
DING!



Beautiful and Wr

by Danny Dove

Luv you! Luv you all! Luv you all! Luv!

Oh, that's all I can utter ever since I found out that the sweet people on the newspaper staff are actually dedicating this entire issue to little me! I was absolutely giddy with delight when I found out!

I'm basically an extremely shy person, but I would never, ever stand in the way of entertaining and educating the dear public, even if it is with such mundane things as my humble life story.

Not only has the journalism class been sending thrills of rapture up and down my spine, but so has everybody else I know. The administration was so kind to put those beautiful, new, soft-as-clouds benches in the halls that I jumped up and down on the

Make Luv, Not Sports

Being an average, typical, normal American person, I naturally adore sports, with hopscotch and jacks being my favorites. However, if peace and luv are to be maintained, the lives of all those adorable creatures of our woodlands should never be threatened nor endangered. Horrors, no!

Deer-hunting is one such sport that, in my opinion, should be obliterated. If one is a firm believer in reincarnation like myself, one really worries about all those thousands of poor, innocent deer being shot to their deaths in the forests of this sweet nation of ours! One wonders if any of the Bambi-deer the hunters have bagged might be one's reincarnated relatives! Several of my friends, being such dear, sweet people, agree that killing deer is an act of violence!

During this horrible hunting season, we picketed many of the hunting areas. Some of our signs read:

"A buck in the wallet is worth two in the bush." (Or was that "A buck in the bush is worth two in the wallet"? I get so confused.)

"The antlers you hang over your mantle may be your grandmother's."

"Hunt for truth, not for deer."

"Deer today, none tomorrow."

"Deer are dear!"

Recently I was utterly devastated by objections to my column admiring the cunning little uniforms worn by our beloved basketballers. Goodness! I don't understand the problem. Why, in the gym classes of ancient Greece, the boys wore nothing at all!

upholster
thrallmen
I can lie
which is

I supp
and reade
I got for
girl in m
was certa
a huge, g
dear Tiny
Mr. Tiny
although
delightful
and a bea
all of yo
misimpre
truth out
Mr. John
masculin
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long to s
lusty life
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tickets. I
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movie or
dear Mr.

Dan

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The p
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wrestle w

When

HOPSCOTCH? JACKS?? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SPORTS PAGE?
"MAKE LUV NOT SPORTS"? "HUNT FOR TRUTH, NOT FOR DEER"?? GOD-DAYUM!!!
GOOD LHORD! THE ENTIRE PAPER IS ABOUT DANNY DOVE! TOO MUCH!!
ARE THERE ANY MAKEUP HINTS?
TOODLES!
OH, SHUT UP
ARE THERE ANY RECIPES?
WELL, THAT MADE A SPLASH!

inkle Free

y and let screams of en-
t spring from my lips! Now
down on them during lunch,
when I practice my yoga.

ose all of my dear friends
ers would like to know what
Christmas from Fred, that
y shorthand class. Well! It
inly a surprise to me! It was
lossy, 9-by-12-foot photo of
Tim. Fred had the idea that
is my idol! This is not true,
I do think he is an absolutely
personality, a trend-setter,
utifully talented singer. For
u who are under the same
ssion, I must let the real
of the closet. My idol is dear
Wayne. He is so utterly
e, beating up on those
ndians, Nazis, and other bad
is dear, dear movies, that I
hare his adventures and the
that he leads. I just can't
dore him!!!

ht a ticket to the Computer
t unfortunately it was called
s thoroughly disappointed
sted, but I was told it was
nly about eight girls bought
don't think that's a very
son to cancel such a stimu-
nt. It could still be a movin'
if there were no girls there!
all for now, beloved class-
must go. There's a thrilling
in a few minutes starring
John Wayne!

ny Dove, the Man (?) and His Legend

Dove was born of an ordi-
ical, average, normal, white,
ass family, just like the rest
s father, a nosegay arranger
ame of Dickie Dove, met
Crusher" Dykester one post-
mber while loitering around
ncisco gym where Mr. Dove
art-time as a manicurist. She
and they were married the
Sometime between 1950
(the records were destroyed
on), Mrs. Dove gave birth to
ile breaking the world sky-
cord.

roud parents named their
ph Smithsonian Dove, after
burger stand on the corner
Eats) and the institution in
con, D.C. Little Ralph was
y happy with his name and
t to Danny after his favorite
man. "I adore Daniel Boone
d luv to be so virile as to
ith a bear!"

Danny was eight years old,

INTERVIEW (cont. from p. 1)

inconspicuous in class as I possibly can. The ruffles on my bell-bottoms are only in mauve and taupe, rather than the day-glo colors so popular today. And once in Mr. Toiler's biology class—such a lewd subject—I was discovered hiding in the specimen cabinets in the back of the room. I don't mind that they've made me stay there. The formaldehyde is doing simply marvelous things for my complexion!

Horse: What do you do after class?

Dove: I go anyplace I'm allowed to enjoy Nature. I walk, of course. It's so revitalizing! Besides, no one has ever offered me a ride, and I would never hitchhike. As we all know, to hitchhike is to take a trip, and to take a trip is to take false drugs! I believe a person's life should be ultimately devoted to . . . well, frankly, the preservation of the . . . body.

Horse: So have you made any real friendships with other Trojans at Happy Valley High?

Dove: I fear I've caused quite the scandal at school by being seen in public with that girl named Fred in my shorthand class. It's really all too embarrassing! Once we accidentally brushed shoulders in the hall. It was in plain sight of virtually everyone in the school! Horrors! I don't believe in ANYTHING before marriage.

continuously transferred from one school to another. "Heavens, my darling Crusher and I didn't know what to think of it," reports Mr. Dove. "I mean, we were simply flabbergasted! The counselors kept telling us it was 'personality problems,' but my goodness!—they'd never go into any detail. They'd just laugh to themselves when I'd stomp my foot and confront them. We finally deduced that it was because of some horrid girls giving our dear son a hard time. I mean, we adore Danny and are absolutely positive that he's too sweet and gentle to be a nasty troublemaker. But when he'd come home from each school all torn and bruised from those terrible fights started by those wicked, wicked girls, all evidence pointed to a general breakdown of discipline in the school system! I mean, really!!!"

Eventually Danny Dove came to our own Happy Valley High. "One could only find peace and luv in a school with such a tranquil name,"

One Dove's Opinion

I usually don't critic
those who run our lives
dear parents and other
but I've heard hundre
of complaints about
our poor studentbo
government. What
have our class offi
ever done to you?
Really! So the on
message I have t
deliver to our de
adorable stude
government
Put some
fruit mach
the cafeter
we'll leave
alone.

Danny's Music No

I would have
luvved to see D
Purple when th
were in our city,
but alas! I'm jus
color-blind.

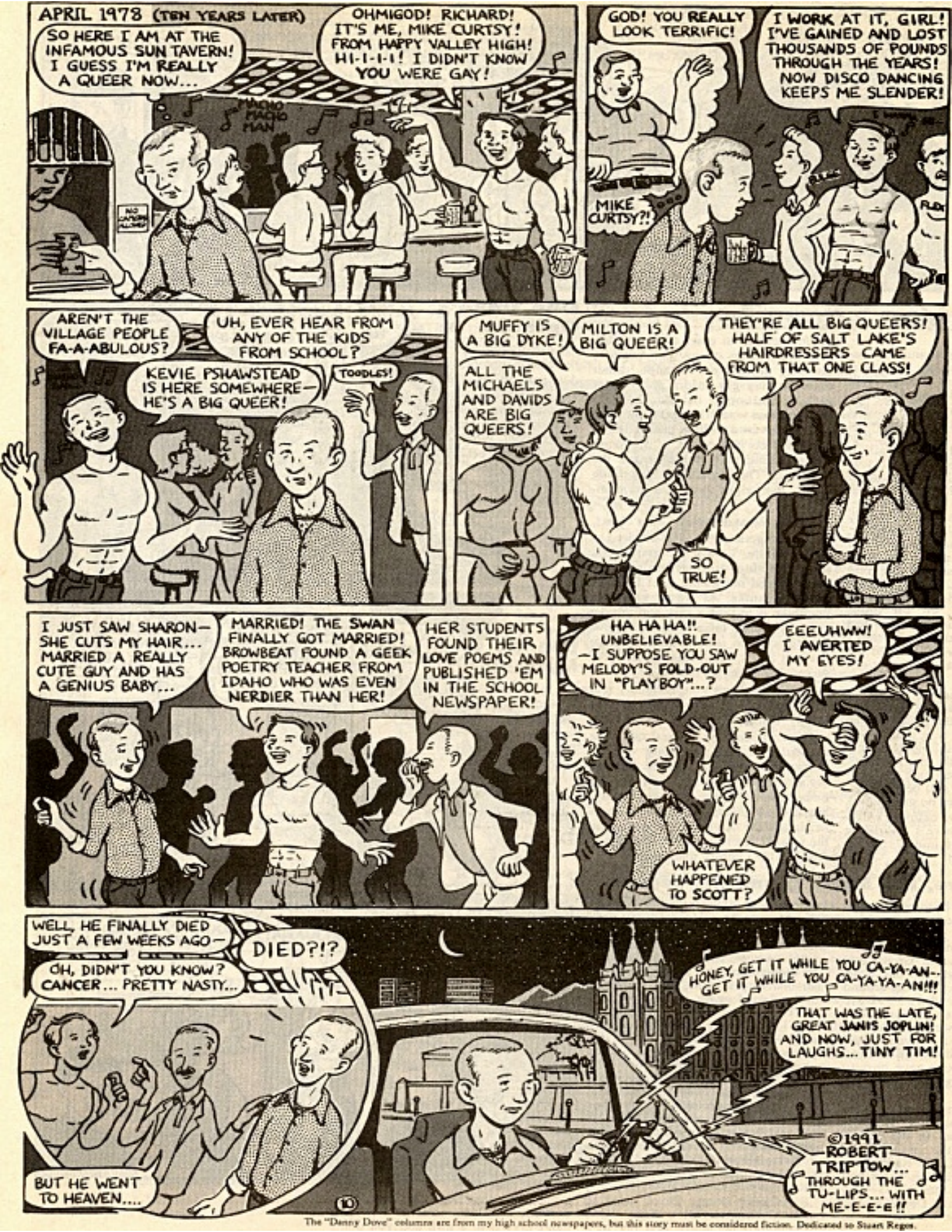
THAT'S ALL YOU NOTICED?
KINDLY EXPLAIN WHY MY NAME IS NOT IN THE STAFF BOX!
—UM, I MEAN, WELL, WE HAD TO TAKE IT OUT!
OH, REALLY! AND WHY, PRAY TELL?

What S We Do Danny

"Now
we have
what do
do with hi
the general
the studen
Danny Dov
Whatever th
may conclude t
Danny is a well-
"luvved" figure
only because of
odd remarks.

Pamela H
if he is a
Mark Fea
it's Mr. E
a scream!
tough guy
dismisses D
another hoo
merely says
a spastic."

One of Dan
friends, cheerleader Tommy Muscle, emphasizes that Danny is like a dead carnation: "Once you have it, you can't give it to a girl, and you don't know what to do with it."


APRIL 1978 (TEN YEARS LATER)
SO HERE I AM AT THE INFAMOUS SUN TAVERN! I GUESS I'M REALLY A QUEER NOW...
OHMIGOD! RICHARD! IT'S ME, MIKE CURTSY! FROM HAPPY VALLEY HIGH! HI-I-I-I! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE GAY!
MACHO MACHO MAN
NO CAMERAS ALLOWED
GOD! YOU REALLY LOOK TERRIFIC!
I WORK AT IT, GIRL! I'VE GAINED AND LOST THOUSANDS OF POUNDS THROUGH THE YEARS! NOW DISCO DANCING KEEPS ME SLENDER!
MIKE CURTSY?!
AREN'T THE VILLAGE PEOPLE FA-A-ABULOUS?
UH, EVER HEAR FROM ANY OF THE KIDS FROM SCHOOL?
KEVIE PSHAWSTEAD IS HERE SOMEWHERE— HE'S A BIG QUEER!
TOODLES!
MUFFY IS A BIG DYKE!
MILTON IS A BIG QUEER!
ALL THE MICHAELS AND DAVIDS ARE BIG QUEERS!
THEY'RE ALL BIG QUEERS! HALF OF SALT LAKE'S HAIRDRESSERS CAME FROM THAT ONE CLASS!
SO TRUE!
I JUST SAW SHARON— SHE CUTS MY HAIR... MARRIED A REALLY CUTE GUY AND HAS A GENIUS BABY...
MARRIED! THE SWAN FINALLY GOT MARRIED! BROWBEAT FOUND A GEEK POETRY TEACHER FROM IDAHO WHO WAS EVEN NERDIER THAN HER!
HER STUDENTS FOUND THEIR LOVE POEMS AND PUBLISHED 'EM IN THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER!
HA HA HA!! UNBELIEVABLE! —I SUPPOSE YOU SAW MELODY'S FOLD-OUT IN "PLAYBOY"...?
EEEUHWW! I AVERTED MY EYES!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SCOTT?
WELL, HE FINALLY DIED JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO—
DIED?!?
OH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? CANCER... PRETTY NASTY...
BUT HE WENT TO HEAVEN....
HONEY, GET IT WHILE YOU CA-YA-AN-- GET IT WHILE YOU CA-YA-YA-AN!!!
THAT WAS THE LATE, GREAT JANIS JOPLIN! AND NOW, JUST FOR LAUGHS... TINY TIM!
©1991 ROBERT TRIPTOW... THROUGH THE TU-LIPS... WITH ME-E-E-E!!
10

The "Denny Dove" columns are from my high school newspapers, but this story must be considered fiction. Dedicated to Stuart Regen.

HMM?
I SAID: WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH GAPING AT THE FISH, YOU'RE WELCOME TO ORDER YOUR MEAL!
© P. MARCEL 8/88

"BOCAGE'S BOYS OF THE BIOREGIONS," CONCEPTUAL PORN SERIES, PRESENTS:
MISS
ACC
RESTRAIN ME, SEARCH ME, BLOW MY WHISTLE...!

OMPLISHED
DISTINGUISHED ACHIEVEMENTS AS A PSYCHOLOGIST, WRITER & COLUMNIST, GOURMET COOK, AND SEX WORKER (retired) ARE JUST A FEW OF THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THIS SENSUOUS STREET PATROL MEMBER FROM THE MISSION. FROM HIS EARLY DAYS OF TAKING THE FIGHT AGAINST NAZIS & FASCISTS TO THE STREETS OF HIS NATIVE CHICAGO, TO HIS PRESENT-DAY ACTIVISM WITH STREET PATROL, A.Q.U.A.N.E.T., AND AS AN AIDS JOURNALIST, THE BICYCLE DAREDEVIL OF DIRECT ACTION SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "WRONGWAY" BOTKIN NOT ONLY MAKES HIS NEIGHBORHOOD SAFER. BUT MORE FUN.

ANOTHER OF THE MISSION'S M
SULTRY BLOND IS SUCCESSFU
DEFENDING THE RIGHTS OF A
PEDIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER
OR RELAXING IN THE GREE
JUNK-STREWN BACKYARD
FRANCISCO'S MOST EXT
HIS LOVER OF SEVEN YE
VETERAN SAFE SEX EDUC
SAFER FOR
CRUISING!
Ga
N
NOTICE THAT WE HAVE RESISTED THE TEMPTATION TO PORTRAY THESE MODELS WITH THE IMMENSE HARD-ONS FOUND ELSEWHERE IN THIS "B.B. of the B." SERIES! THIS IS BECAUSE ROBERT DOESN'T WANT HIS BOOK TO BE A MERE SEX COMIC! HOW'S THIS, ROBERT? TASTEFUL?!
EDIT

OST ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG MEN, THIS
L IN ACADEMIA AND THE COMMUNITY,
ABUSED YOUTH AND KIDS WITH H.I.V. AS A
. HE'S ALSO FREQUENTLY FOUND WORKING
N OASIS HE'S CREATED FROM A SMALL,
; PLAYING WITH WHAT MAY BE SAN
ENSIVE LEGO' COLLECTION; OR JOINING
ARS, Mr. BOTKIN, ON STREET PATROL... AS A
CATOR, HE WANTS OUR STREETS
rden
ymph
PLEASE, CLOSE THIS COMIC BOOK...
LANDSCAPE DESIGN
'69' SECTION
OR'S NOTE: SHE'S LYING!! I LOVE HARD-ONS!